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DIXON'S LIFE OF PENN.*

The appearance of a new *Biography of William Penn* imposes upon us the task of re-considering the estimate of certain parts of his conduct which we gave some months ago.† This re-consideration becomes the more necessary, inasmuch as an *Extra Chapter* of the Biography is specially devoted to *the Macaulay Charges*. The statements of this chapter have, moreover, been taken, in more than one respectable quarter, as decisive against the validity of those charges. It would give us great pleasure to be able to concur in this judgment either wholly or partially; and we certainly entered upon the perusal of the volume before us with a wish to find something which might justify us in reversing or mitigating the unfavourable opinion we had already expressed. We are, therefore, sorry to say, that our former opinion remains substantially unchanged, being, indeed, rather strengthened than otherwise by the slight re-construction of circumstances we are disposed to adopt.

The author of the work under our notice is a Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who, it seems, has previously favoured the public with a *Life of Howard* and a treatise on *The London Prisons*. As neither of these books had happened to fall in our way, and we were therefore ignorant of Mr. Dixon's pretensions, it was somewhat startling to us to meet with the air of assurance and sufficiency which pervades his present production. Generally speaking, this assumption is merely amusing; but on some occasions it becomes offensive. This is remarkably the case with the mode of treatment adopted toward Mr. Macaulay, and which we cannot more appropriately designate than by the word *impudent*.

It may be in the recollection of our readers that our former investigation of the points of accusation preferred against Penn was occasioned by a defence of him which Mr. W. E. Forster prefixed to an edition of his Life by Clarkson. Mr. Dixon's *Extra Chapter* is taken almost entirely from Mr. Forster's Preface. A more palpable instance of what is called *cabbaging* we never became acquainted with. Any one who wishes to be convinced of this at little trouble will find ample satisfaction in the *Examiner* newspaper of April 26, 1851, where some of the most glaring plagiarisms are printed with the original passages in parallel columns. It is to be particularly noticed that one of Mr. Dixon's main aspersions upon Macaulay is conveyed in the oft-repeated assertion that he copied his information on certain points from Sir James Mackintosh. One would

* William Penn—an Historical Biography, with an Extra Chapter on the Macaulay Charges. By William Hepworth Dixon. Pp. 457. London—Chapman and Hall. 1851.

† Christian Reformer, Vol. VI., May, 1850, p. 283, &c.

almost think, from the manner of this imputation, that a writer of History was deemed bound to *invent* his facts; but without supposing that to be intended, a demand for "originality," in this instance, at least implies a repudiation of the low art of passing off another man's investigations as one's own. Nevertheless, it is to facilitate the practice of this very art that the contemptuous references under our notice are made. Mr. Dixon not only takes his matter from Mr. Forster, but he tries hard, while doing so, to hide that fact. To say that he abstains from making the slightest acknowledgment of the fact, is to give but an imperfect idea of the wrong of which he is guilty. Bad as this is, it does not constitute the worst part of his fault. The only occasion on which he mentions the name of his benefactor throughout his book, is when he steps out of his way to call attention to a verbal error which had been committed by Mr. Forster. While he dishonestly withholds the large credit which was due, he meanly insinuates, on a point of discredit, a comparison by which Mr. Forster appears inferior to himself. This is the more suspicious, inasmuch as the book abounds in those kinds of references which tend to give an impression of extraordinary research, and is furnished with a long list of works, published and unpublished, to which obligations are confessed. That Mr. Forster's *Preface* does not figure in that list, and is not marked among those references, can only be accounted for on the ground that it was thought most politic to conceal an obligation with which the parade of research would be found irreconcilable.

We have read Mr. Dixon's apology for his conduct, inserted in the *Athenæum* of May 3, and must unhesitatingly pronounce it to be quite unsatisfactory. Besides that it does not fairly meet the points of objection, it contains a view of the case which is calculated to increase the previous mystification. We allude to the attempt which is made to press the Taunton affair into a relation of undue importance as compared with the other affairs which have been urged against Penn. We have only farther to observe on this part of the business, that Mr. Forster's defence is the better of the two. It is fairer, and therefore more effective.

One of Mr. Macaulay's charges against Penn is, that he suffered himself to be employed by the Queen's Maids of Honour in making a composition for the release of the Taunton girls who had been accused of participating in Monmouth's Rebellion. The charge, if true, involves his sanction of the sale of pardons under peculiarly dishonourable and cruel circumstances. Its evidence consists of a letter addressed by the Earl of Sunderland to a "Mr. Penne," in which this agency is proposed. The question to be settled is, whether or not this Mr. Penne was William Penn the Quaker. The probabilities in favour of its being he are, that William Penn was frequently engaged in negotiations between the Crown and its subjects; that the omission of the Christian name is more likely to have happened in his case than in the case of one not so familiarly known to Sunderland as he was; and that his connection with Dissent gave him advantages which the parties in whose interest the letter was written would desire to avail themselves of. All this amounts, as we before said, to nothing more than probability; but if it remain simply as we have put it, the case is a strongly probable one. On the other side, however, it is said that the

Mr. Penne of Sunderland's letter was, most probably, a *George Penne*, who, as Mr. Forster states, "was instrumental in effecting the release from slavery of a Mr. Azariah Pinney, a gentleman of Bettescombe, near Crewkerne, in Somersetshire." The proof of this fact is the following entry in an account-book of the period, which we copy from the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1851.

"Bristoll, Sep. 1685.

"Mr. John Pinney is debitor to money p^{d} Geo. Penne, Esq., for the ransom of my Brother Aza, August, 1685, 65£."

To make this circumstance available for the purpose for which it is brought forward, it is necessary to shew who this Geo. Penne, Esq., really was. This has not been done; and while we are ignorant on that point, the probabilities which connect Sunderland's letter with a person whom we do know remain untouched. It is indeed quite conceivable that a knowledge of George Penne would fully and without doubt bring home the letter to William Penn. We cannot banish from our minds the thought that William Penn's family connection with the West of England, and particularly with Bristol, might have had something to do with the business.

Mr. Dixon's mode of identifying the Mr. Penne of the letter with the George Penne of the account-book, leaves the question just where it found it. The passage in which this attempt is made is as follows:

"But if William Penn were not the 'Mr. Penne' addressed by Lord Sunderland, and designed by the ladies to be employed in their behalf—who was the man? A little research enables me to answer this question. In the Registers of the Privy Council, I find this entry:

"'Nov. 25th, 1687.

"'George Penne—Upon reading the petition of George Penne, gent., setting forth that his family having been great sufferers for their loyalty, he humbly begs that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to grant him a patent for the sole exercising the royal Oake lottery, and licensing all other games, in His Majesty's plantations in America, for twenty-one years. His Majesty in Council is pleased to refer this matter to the consideration of the Rt. Hon. the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and upon what their lordships report of what is fit to be done therein for the petitioner, His Majesty will declare his further pleasure.'

"This man, whose fitting reward, according to his own estimate of the value of his services, was the fief of a gambling-table, was the Mr. Penne. *His* name is always spelt with the final *e*. In the first draft of the foregoing minute, the clerk had spelt the name George Penn, both in the margin and in the text, but has filled the final letter in afterwards, as if prophetically guarding against any confusion of this wretched fellow with the great governor of Pennsylvania. He was a low hanger-on about the back doors of the court, ready for any dirty work. When pardons were to be bought and sold, he was a pardon-broker. He was actively engaged in the Taunton affair; and among other feats, as I am able to state on the authority of a family cash-book still preserved, he obtained 65*l.* from Nathaniel Pinney as the ransom of his brother, Azariah Pinney, one of the transported rebels."*

It must be seen on examination that all the applicability of this passage lies in its confident and unsupported affirmations. The entry in the Privy Council Registers is dated nearly two years after the Sunderland letter; it contains no reference to the transaction mentioned

* Dixon's Life, p. 444.

in that letter; and it affords no means of bringing its subject into comparison with the individual to whom the letter was addressed. There is the same want of any uniting link between the George Penne of the Register and the George Penne of the account-book, as there is between the former George Penne and the Mr. Penne of the letter. The thing to be proved is simply declared, and the description of character by which the declaration is backed, is, for all we can discover, a specimen of that kind of romance which is called Fudge.

There is, indeed, a formidable-looking array of reasons advanced by Mr. Dixon to shew that William Penn *could not* have been the person to whom Sunderland's letter was written. They are, that Penn's name was spelt without a final e; that the letter is disrespectful in its tone; that the work to be done required an agent who could go down to Taunton; that a previous offer of service must have been made; that Penn was not a person likely to be drawn into such a business; that no mention of the affair occurs in his correspondence; that the matter is not referred to in any writings of the time; and that no tradition of Penn's appearance on the scene is preserved in the neighbourhood. It would be a waste of time to point out the worthless nature of most of these considerations. The only one of any apparent importance is that which relates to Penn's character; and this, unfortunately, will be found to be particularly unsustainable. What will our readers think if we prove from this very book of Mr. Dixon's that William Penn himself, the real Simon Pure, was actually concerned in bargaining with the government relative to persons who had been convicted of the Monmouth Rebellion? Such, however, was the case. Even admitting to its full extent the lenient form in which the business is here represented, it is quite ridiculous to contend, in the face of such a fact as is stated in the following quotation, that this man would not "allow himself, on any pretence,"* to accept the commission which Sunderland offered.

"Penn strove to mitigate the sufferings of the deluded men who had been drawn into rebellion. Events had given him the proprietorship of a land which he had opened as a general asylum for the oppressed; and now, when the prisoners were sentenced to transportation beyond sea for ten years, he applied to have a few of them sent to Pennsylvania, where the climate would agree with them, and their offences would not be regarded as very heinous. But this humane design was not agreeable to the King's advisers."†

This story, for the truth of which Mr. Dixon refers to a MS. letter of Penn to Thomas Lloyd, his representative in Pennsylvania, brings the Quaker much nearer to the position fixed by the Maids of Honour than Nathaniel Pinney's account-book brings his unknown namesake.

The other principal accusation preferred by Mr. Macaulay relates to Penn's concern in the transference of Magdalen College, Oxford, to Popish hands. Mr. Dixon's account of this affair is a mass of confused perversion, and his companionship will not tempt us again to go over its particulars. The only additional light he throws upon the case is contained in the assertion, that the words, "This letter Mr. Penn disowned," which he says appear on the margin of the anonymous letter sent to Dr. Bailey, are in the handwriting of George Hunt, a

* Dixon's Life, p. 444. † Ibid. p. 301.

fellow of Magdalen at the time. Mr. Forster's version of the words is, "Mr. Penn disowned this;" and slight as the discrepancy is, it interferes uncomfortably with the accuracy of the report as coming to our hands. We are ready, however, to concede to Penn the full benefit of Mr. Dixon's assertion, though it will not remove the suspicion that he was the writer of the letter. We can even afford to put that letter altogether out of the question as affecting him. Having done so, we have simply relieved him from that part of Mr. Macaulay's charge which involves his resort to intimidation in order to accomplish his object. There still remain the discreditable fact of his suffering himself at all to become the tool of James II. in the business, and the yet more discreditable manner in which he conducted himself towards Dr. Hough and his colleagues. He had acknowledged that for the Magdalen men to admit Parker as their President was contrary to their oaths, and yet he tempted them to admit him: he held out to Hough himself the prospect of being made Bishop of Oxford, in order to pervert him from the plain path of moral rectitude: and he advocated the unlawful possession by the Papists of at least two or three of the Colleges, Magdalen included. These things are as plainly exhibited in Dr. Hough's account of the interview at Windsor as any candid man could, for his satisfaction, desire; and neither sophistry, nor scolding, nor misrepresentation, will avail to make this crooked proceeding straight.

This Magdalen College business is much more damaging in its application to Penn's character, as well as much more direct in the proof by which it is supported, than the Taunton accusation, which Mr. Dixon so prudently "takes, as being the gravest and most important."*

We stated in our previous article, that, as far as we could judge, Mr. Macaulay's representation of Penn's conduct respecting the offer of an Aldermanship to Mr. Kiffin, was incorrect. We had not the opportunity of consulting *Kiffin's Memoirs;* and it seemed to us clear, from the passage extracted from them by Mr. Forster, that Penn acted, not in the interest of James, but of Kiffin himself. The passage is as follows:

"In a little after, a great temptation attended me, which was a commission from the King to be one of the Aldermen of the city of London: which, as soon as I heard of it, I used all the diligence I could to be excused, both by some Lords near the King, and also by Sir Nicholas Butler and Mr. Penn. But it was all in vain."

Mr. Dixon has quoted this passage for the same purpose as Mr. Forster had done, adding, "This is just the reverse of what Mr. Macaulay states. Penn did not go to Kiffin; Kiffin went to Penn. Instead of being employed in the work of seduction, he was engaged in the task of intercession."† In the *Literary Gazette* for March 29, 1851, this statement of Mr. Dixon was met by a most fatal exposure, which we give as it there appeared.

"We do not hesitate to say that this account of the transaction is grossly dishonest. In order to prove his assertion that Penn was employed only in the work of intercession and not in that of seduction, Mr. Dixon quotes the words from Kiffin's Memoirs which we have printed. But our readers will not be a little astonished to learn that this passage is preceded and fol-

* Letter in the Athenæum of May 3, 1851. † Dixon's Life, p. 448.

lowed by words which fully bear out Mr. Macaulay's assertion, but which Mr. Dixon studiously avoids quoting. Just before, Kiffin says, 'This plot, being carried on with all diligence, took with several Dissenters: but, indeed, they were few, and for the generality of the meaner sort, William Penn being the head of that party.' But the passage which immediately follows Mr. Dixon's quotation is still more important. 'I was told,' says Kiffin, 'that they (evidently Butler and Penn) knew that I had an interest that might serve the King: and, although they knew my sufferings were great, in cutting off my two grandchildren and losing their estates, yet it should be made up to me both in their estates, and also in what honour or advantage I could reasonably desire for myself.' Can anything be clearer than that Penn was employed in the work of seduction, and did actually offer Kiffin a bribe to commit an illegal act?"*

We cannot but concur in the foregoing judgment, severe as it is, and we therefore recal what we said as to Mr. Macaulay's want of accuracy. It is perfectly clear that Penn's subserviency to James was the reason why Kiffin sought his interference; and that, instead of meeting with the assistance requested, the poor Baptist had to withstand fresh inducements to compliance with the Royal will, which the courtly Quaker immediately proceeded to offer.

We must pass on from this notice of Mr. Dixon's dealing with the Macaulay charges, to express our opinion of the general character of his book. It is written in an easy and taking style, and is not unlikely to be popular with a large class of readers. If its author had condescended simply and naturally to tell his tale as it lay before him, he might have constructed a pleasing and useful narrative. As the matter stands, however, ambition has been his ruin. He advances bold opinions on points which he does not understand, and strives after a pictorial representation of circumstances, the true bearing of which he cannot see. His want of real insight is only made more apparent by the strong colouring he employs. When he tells us of Locke, that he "could ask for charity toward error, because he found no certitude in truth,"†—and of Burnet, that "he was a weak-headed man, unused to take large views of things,"‡—we feel that the folly and the presumption of his judgments are equally glaring. When we find him bestowing exactly the same kind of commendation upon William Penn, as the friend and supporter of Algernon Sidney, and as the hanger-on and tool of James II., we are persuaded that his dashing sketches of human motive are upon a level with the indiscriminate daubing of a child. We speak with indignation on this head, because we fear that no little injury is done among half-informed people by these incompetent endeavours to be fine and striking; and also because we have a special dislike to that kind of caricature which betrays at once ignorance of drawing and perversion of purpose. Men like Carlyle and Macaulay may be entrusted to dramatize history; but their imitators only succeed in reducing the truth of events to the scenery and action of a farce.

A life of William Penn must necessarily touch upon the nature and origin of Quakerism; and its general value will, in a great measure, depend upon the correctness with which it estimates that religious movement. Mr. Dixon's view of this subject is exceedingly superficial

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* Literary Gazette, March 29, 1851.

† Dixon's Life, p. 255.

‡ Dixon's Life, p. 314.

and mistaken. His lack of due appreciation is sufficiently indicated by his confounding the Quaker principle of inward light with the natural faculties of the mind. Thus he says of Fox, "Whether this inner light was the thing some men call conscience—others reason, was a question he never troubled himself to answer:"* and he affirms of Penn and Barclay that they "had declared again and again that the inner light—the conscience, is the particle of God which has been implanted in man to warn him against sin, and prepare him for salvation."† This is not only wrong, but it is the very contrary of the truth. It is of the essence of Quakerism to distinguish the inward light from reason and conscience; and the distinction was as broadly preserved by Fox, as it was logically stated by Barclay. To confound these things together, or to regard the Quakers as confounding them, is to place in a false light any facts of Quaker history to which such a rule of interpretation may be applied. It is to vitiate the whole case thus brought under examination. Accordingly we find that Mr. Dixon continually misses the truth concerning Penn's character by reason of his misconceiving the religious influence which supplied the chief modification of that character. Under this handling, the Quaker ceases to be a Quaker except in outward profession, and his associations with his own people present themselves to the mind as a collection of shadows. What may be called the secular part of Penn's life Mr. Dixon is quite capable of sympathizing with, but the spiritual part is a blank to him. Having to supply the place of the whole figure from elements which really did not include the whole, he has contrived mainly by the aid of exaggeration to produce a tolerably consistent fiction. The representation is that of a free, outspoken English gentleman, polite but bold, who, possessing the views of a philosophical radical, held himself aloof from the prejudices of his sect, though he adopted its peculiar doctrines as the foundation of a democratic liberty. That may be our author's idea of how the subject of his biography ought to have appeared, but it comprises no true idea of what actually existed in his person. Instead of changing Penn "from a myth into a man,"‡ as was promised, the man has been changed into a myth. Clarkson's Life is a dull book enough, but it presents a much truer, and to our taste a much more pleasing exhibition than this modern and modish picture. Clarkson understood and felt the Quakerism of the case; and his work admits us, therefore, into the interior movement of the scenes he describes, so as really to touch the heart with a sense of the religious pathos that was in operation. With all our conviction of Penn's natural weakness, we believe him to have been really conscious of the divine power which was inherent in the gospel of Fox and Barclay, and we cannot help respecting him on that account; but if we could suffer ourselves to contemplate him in the political guise in which Mr. Dixon dresses him up for admiration, the respect we entertain would speedily evaporate.

There is a notable illustration of Mr. Dixon's method of making up his story, connected with his account of the rise of Quakerism. He abruptly introduces George Fox as "a rude, gaunt, illiterate lad of nineteen," who meets with a certain adventure at a country fair in

* Dixon's Life, p. 53. † Ibid. p. 152. ‡ Ibid. Preface, p. xiii.

Leicestershire. The adventure is told in Fox's journal, and is of very small significance indeed, merely proving that honest George was determined not to pay for ale with which others were to drink healths, contrary to his approval. We are, however, favoured with this moralization upon the tale:

"This simple village alehouse incident was one of the most important events which had yet happened in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race; for out of it was to come Quakerism, the writings and teachings of Penn and Barclay, the colony and constitution of Pennsylvania, the republics of the West, and in no very remote degree the vast movement of liberal ideas in Great Britain and America in more modern times." *

Some of our readers may be able to call to mind a very striking passage in Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, which commences thus:

"Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others; namely, George Fox's making to himself a Suit of Leather." †

A considerable part of the continuation of this passage was inserted in a former number of this Magazine.‡ Surely no one can for a moment doubt that Mr. Dixon's attempt is a barefaced copy of the previous most successful representation of Carlyle. The startling plunge *in medias res;* the deduction of great consequences from an inconsiderable circumstance; the large estimate of the importance of the Quaker revolution; and, above all, the selection of one distinctive event as forming the turning-point of Fox's life;—these things are evidently common to the master and the servant. Here is a plain fulfilment on the part of the latter of a resolve to do over again what the former had rendered himself famous by doing. We can almost hear Mr. Dixon saying, Now I will be like Carlyle. There is one, and but one, circumstance of difference. The incidents related by the two writers are not the same. Alas! that is a difference indeed. Carlyle's tale is beautifully applicable; Dixon's is ridiculously inapplicable. Carlyle's selection proves that he saw into the heart of the mystery; Dixon's only proves that he saw an opportunity of being grand at another's expense. Carlyle has produced a piece of historical sculpture, harmonious in its moral proportions and perfect in its humanity; Dixon has but managed,

"ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè."

The philosophical character of the Quaker religion is Mysticism. The true examples of that religious philosophy are among the purest and best of mankind. They are distinguished by an entirely unselfish and unworldly disposition, which allows them to absorb themselves in the high spiritual considerations that form the habitual subject of their thought and contemplation. A union between a secular polity and the kind of piety such men cultivate, is as impossible as the union between God and Mammon in the ordinary course of Christian experience. Now it was the former incongruous mixture that Penn attempted; and his conduct, even where it does not draw forth direct disapproval, jars upon our feelings with a sense of its incongruity. In the opposition which

* Dixon's Life, p. 47. † Sartor Resartus, p. 216. ‡ C. R. Vol. IV. p. 642.

takes place, under such circumstances as these, the religious element will be sure to suffer; and the great danger to be apprehended is, that its expressions should degenerate into cant. If there is any strong tendency toward vanity, this degeneracy will become remarkably decided in its manifestation. It was into this downward path that Penn unfortunately strayed, and he was tempted farther from the high road of integrity than he had either anticipated or desired.

He reaped a bitter reward. That period of his life which passed till the death of Charles II. was, upon the whole, honourably spent by him. Infirmities we discover in it, here and there; but if it had included the whole of his life, every one would have rejoiced to put the most charitable construction upon the weaknesses he committed. That he sacrificed wealth and station to his religious convictions,—that he upheld and vindicated the liberties of his country in situations of great difficulty and danger,—and that he founded a state on true and noble political principles,—all this would have been justly said to his praise without any considerable drawback being made. There came, however, another and different course of things. James II. was intimately known to him; and thus the period embraced by the reign of that monarch formed his time of trial. He proved unequal to the trial. He lent himself to private acts which were inconsistent with his profession; and he became the active promoter of public measures which involved the violation of freedom, both civil and religious. His name has, therefore, descended to us in connection with imputations which comprise a contrast to the proceedings on which his former glory is built. James II. was dethroned, and the flattered and pliable subject fell with his king. His life, from that time to its close, was one series of oppositions and misfortunes and afflictions. Nothing went smoothly with him, and he sank into a state of mental imbecility, which rendered the final years of his existence a sort of living death.

It is to be regretted on many accounts that those who consider themselves his friends should persist in representing him as the immaculate personage they desire him to have been. In doing so, they are obliged to soften down wrongs of much more general importance than anything merely affecting his personal character; and the interests of historical truth imperatively require that unpleasant facts relating to him should be reiterated, in opposition to the very natural wish that his memory might be spared from injurious reflection.

Γ.

CREEDS—RELICS OF THE FEUDAL AGE OF CHRISTIANITY.

Old creeds may be like old castles, venerable memorials of stirring times that have happily passed. * * * In their strength there is a grim sternness. And as we need not now build castles, neither need we now frame such creeds as these; it is better to live a comfortable and neighbourly life in our separate and various homes of opinion, than to share in common a dangerous life of battle in the castles of creed.—*T. Lynch.*

A WORLD-EMBRACING FAITH; OR, RELIGIOUS WHISPERS FROM THE EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY.

"God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." This day, this year (we may say), "is this scripture fulfilled," or at least specially illustrated, before our eyes. The capital of our country just now presents the most emphatic commentary on this noble text, in the assembling together of men of all nations for social and kindly purposes, which cannot but meet the approval of the great Father of them all.

Great truths, which shine in their calm majesty from age to age, legible to the eye that is enlightened to perceive them, flash forth with new lustre under special ministrations; and by illustrative occasions they are ever and anon brought home with practical power to the perception of those who theoretically hold them.

How did the truth that God is the equal God of all mankind, burst upon the minds of Christ's Jewish apostles, when to their astonishment they were for the first time commissioned to preach the gospel to the Gentiles! That God who had chosen Israel for his people, and, among his people Israel, had lately raised up a Saviour Jesus, should have designed him as a blessing, not to his nation only, but to the world, was an idea which must struggle hard with Jewish exclusiveness, and either succeed in enlarging the heart of the Jew, or be itself stifled in the conflict. Surprised, indeed, but not loth, was the ardent Peter to be taught that he should "not thenceforth call any man common or unclean." And greatly astonished were they to whom he first reported the result of his mission to the pious Gentile Cornelius; yet "they glorified God, saying, Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life" (Acts x.). To the cultivated intellect and generous heart of Paul the doctrine was thoroughly congenial. And when, in the prosecution of his mission to preach to the Gentiles the equal grace of God, he stood one day in the midst of the acutest thinkers and most tasteful artists of Greece, after having passed through the streets of Athens and seen with surprise and shame the symbols of an all-prevailing idolatry, how vividly did the great Christian idea of the impartial and all-regarding God glow in his mind and speak forth from his lips, in contrast to the degrading idolatries to which he was an unwilling witness! "The unknown God! Whom ye worship as unknown" (not knowing him), "Him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshiped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing He giveth unto all men life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him; though He be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live and move and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring."

And to us, to whom all this is well-known Christian doctrine, who know perfectly well that Christianity has abolished the peculiarity of Judaism and opened the revealed mercies of God our Heavenly Father

to all mankind, without distinction or precedence of class or nation,—to us, this well-known truth may perhaps not be the living, active truth that it should be, not the striking truth perhaps that it was when first we realized its historical development in the scripture annals,—to us, this truth may need illustration and enforcement; it should shine brighter in the assembled presence of men of all nations on our shores.

No man who has travelled much abroad, with heart and mind open, can possibly symbolize with narrow English "orthodox" ideas of religion on his return home. Often, alas! an indifference to religion is produced in such a man's mind, by his natural revulsion from systems of dogma which ignorantly confront the great facts of Providence and human life at large. From this result a truly and largely religious heart of his own can alone preserve him; and on such a heart foreign travel will do its benignant work of enlarging its ideas and liberalizing its feelings.

Such comprehensive and enlightened views, then, as the observant traveller gains from years of toil, adventure and danger, carrying him out of the local, limited and casual prejudices of his own whereabouts, and preventing him from ascribing to the Divine Being any narrow, partial and unworthy plans, may be derived, in a great degree, without the danger, the adventure, the time, the exertion, the cost (impossible to any but a few), by us, stay-at-home travellers in our own island realm, whither the world's nations are now bringing their stores of natural produce and artificial industry in honourable, peaceful emulation.

This great Congress of the Nations presents itself to the thoughtful student of the Divine ways in a strongly religious light, not separate from, but rather as including, its secular, its commercial and industrial claims upon our attention. Peace and good-will are its audible language. A time of general peace gives it occasion,—makes it indeed practicable. The world's peace which originates it, this celebration must in its turn cement and prolong. That is a benevolent light in which to regard it, and therein a religious light.

But far beyond this;—it touches those common feelings of our nature in which the practical religion of the heart and conduct chiefly lives, though not always recognized, as they ought to be, as really belonging to religion. It awakens a genuine, unmistakable human fellow-feeling, whether through comparison or contrast (be it of believed superiority in one direction, or of felt inferiority in another), with our fellow-men the wide world over, who in the ordinary course of our lives have been almost as non-existent to most of us, while seen only in the dim pages of books, if not surrounded, too, with the mist of travellers' wonders. Here, all at once, they are become present, in personal feature and colour so distinct, so various! in national costume so strangely picturesque! speaking a very Babel of collected, not now dispersive, tongues, and with their varied produce and works of industry and skill spread upon our shelves and tables around! These men are the representatives,—real living representatives,—of the numberless tribes of our fellow-men, spread over the habitable globe, all brethren of the great human family, all children of the one impartial God! And these so manifold productions of Nature and works of human Art, are the sample tribute of each part of the varied earth, from its abundance of particular blessings, to the need of every other

part;—signs of that superfluity of blessing which the God of Nature causes to spring forth, and to spring forth in such varied distribution as to necessitate and encourage the mutual intercourse and good offices, voluntary and involuntary, of human beings in their efforts to secure and enjoy them. How beneficent is Providence! How varied the works and ways of God! How endless the Divine resources! With what prodigality of blessing lavished upon us! What a wonderful and beauteous and bounteous world we live in! What plenty for all, if man but permit the Divine bounty to flow freely! What wonder to the intellect, what beauty to the eye and soul, what love does this world's opened volume reveal to the heart of man! No narrow, bigot thought of man or of God can dwell within the influence of this natural piety, which rises thus from the face of the world and the heart of mankind to claim the Christian's religious sympathy. The exclusiveness of our creeds and rituals must shrink back, for a while at least, into the recesses of convents and churches. Would that it might never venture forth again! The great world of God's worshipers will have none of it. The Hyde-Park Exhibition preaches a different doctrine, and proves it; and is believed in the doctrine and the proof. The comprehensiveness of Providence here illustrated, rejects all narrow exclusiveness of creed. The diversities of national habit and institution evidently defy a partial theology. The varieties of the human race claim, at the hands of the Universal Father, a varied administration of the moral law; and in the calm reason and the unsophisticated conscience, they have their claims allowed.

The first preaching of Christianity made this great truth prominent; but modern teaching has sadly obscured it. The apostolic creed was, "that God is no respecter of persons," and that "those who have not a revealed law will be judged by the law in their own hearts." The modern creeds of Christendom, alas! have narrowed salvation to that small fraction of the earth's population who accept their delusive promise and dare to pronounce their anathemas, in wilful ignorance of the extent and diversity of God's works.

But still, the world does not believe this. Reason does not acknowledge it. The heart recoils from the thought. Human nature holds no such belief. It is the dream of the cloister, the word of the creed, the song of the Church; but it is not the belief of mankind, nor of Christendom. The secular relations of man to man give it the lie perpetually. Business, pleasure, politics, are pursued as though no such notion existed. Philanthropy forgets it, if she has been taught to yield a verbal assent to it. Our great Industrial Exhibition is the world's clear-voiced protest against it,—or rather the world's enunciation of a purer, better, worthier faith. The secular world has, for these coming months, virtually taken in hand the religious instruction of this nation. And the secular world can, out of its higher appreciation of a practical religion, teach the churches a better humanity, and therein a better theology, than they generally possess. The great Exhibition of Industry is just now our national teacher; yea, the Priest rather of the nation's faith and hope and charity. Knowledge, art, science, are sure to grow and spread among us under the influence of this teacher. Let his moral lessons of social duty and kindness be no less cherished. And, in all, and over and above all, when he touches the soul of reli-

gion and spiritual worship in us, let us freely yield ourselves to the suggestions of a piety so accordant with that which we think, as rational Christians, we have already learnt from Jesus, whose gospel (as we have the happiness to regard it) harmonizes with the works and ways, the will and attributes, of the One Great Spirit of Nature and of Providence.

View we then this great event of the year religiously, in itself first, and then in some of its individual aspects.

The project itself may fitly be called a religious one. It was a great idea, a high aspiration, a comprehensively benevolent scheme. The building,—the Crystal Palace,—is the wonder of the century, for size, for design, for rapidity of construction, for effect. But our office is not personal eulogy to prince, or architect, or engineer, or workman.

The great Industrial Exhibition is, in itself, an event of properly religious interest. Not religious interest in any technical or sectarian sense, but in a sense to reprove all merely sectarian and technical notions of religion.

Everything that separates, isolates and keeps asunder the nations of mankind, necessarily obscures to their perception the great religious idea of an all-ruling and all-present Deity; and all that brings them into mutual acquaintance and kindly intercourse has an equally evident tendency to make them conscious of that mutual connection and dependence of the different parts of the world and their inhabitants, through which the idea of an all-comprehending Providence will find its most obvious access to their minds.

To what cause can we proximately ascribe, if not the origin, yet the continuance of, all the petty, local polytheisms of ancient and modern times, so plainly as to the want of intercourse between nation and nation or tribe and tribe; to the want of a perception of mutual interests, and even of similar desires and faculties identifying them as belonging to the same race; and to an ignorance, at the same time, of those great laws of the outward world, which group the diversified phenomena of climate and country in the severe order of science, ready to be recognized as the order of One Supreme Will? The mountains, seldom or never passed, that bordered a tribe, limited its gods no less decidedly; and perhaps the cloud-hidden summits furnished their mysterious abode in the apprehension of their worshipers. The waters of an inland sea, narrow comparatively to our idea, but wide and perilous to infant navigation, kept islanders in mutual ignorance and mutual suspicion, till occasionally involved in wars of extermination. The diversities of comparatively remote lands and their inhabitants were exaggerated by the reports of the few who travelled and the fears of those to whom they reported. The laws of nature were little understood; as how could they be otherwise, when the inductive method of deriving them from classed phenomena was scarcely recognized, and the phenomena themselves were not numerously and carefully enough registered to warrant a safe induction? No wonder at local, narrow, partial idolatry, when the intercourse of mankind was so limited and their sympathies were so narrow and local. But Science arose, and shewed how all the varieties of climate and production may be referred to the operation of great all-prevailing laws; and Commerce (herein the handmaid of Science) became the great civilizer of mankind in the interchange of gifts and

the resulting perception of mutual obligations among men of all varieties of race, language and institutions.

The one great drawback upon these influences for good, which have thus grown with modern times, is the still lingering scourge of War. But here, again, Commerce is the great practical controller of this savage fiend. Its spirit may not, indeed, be very generous nor in any degree chivalrous; but its very selfishness is at least promotive of the general good. Its spirit is essentially prudent, and thus forms the required counterpoise to the rashness of national quarrel. Its prevailing spirit is also that of justice, if it be but as resulting from the mutual self-interests and counter prudence of the contracting parties. Its influence undoubtedly is to bind nations in the bonds of strong mutual interest, sometimes amounting almost to physical necessity, for the preservation of peace. War is the palsy of commerce; and commercial nations love peace accordingly.

The men of middle age among us remember how, in their childhood, the great civilized nation nearest to us, whose white cliffs are visible from our shores, as ours are from theirs, were generally represented, and doubtless regarded, by Englishmen, as their *natural enemies*. Such an inheritance of hatred had long ages of war bequeathed, and more recent political and religious madness revived! Some of the veterans live yet under whom that unnatural contest was ended; and now (thanks be to the Providence which watcheth over human progress!) nothing seems to human calculation more unlikely than a war between France and England. These nations differ as much as ever in government, in religion, in national character; but they are united now in perceiving and recognizing the independence of each other's rights, the blessedness of peace, and the benefits, not only physical but intellectual and moral also, arising from free commercial and social intercourse. The event itself, then, which marks with the oblivion of active service and co-operation this and every other old national antipathy of ours, is, if I know how to designate it, a true topic of religious thankfulness to the God of the wide earth, and of religious sympathy between man and man, and between nation and nation, meeting thus in peace and goodwill.

From the event itself, if we turn to the *materials* presented to view, they will surely warrant a religious interpretation. The productions of *Nature* and of *Art!* The works of God and of Man! collected from East and West, from North and South, the world over, in such magnificence and variety as was never any where before brought together. Catalogues may enumerate and, in part, describe these multifarious stores of natural and industrial produce. Few eyes will search out half their wonders; few minds will pretend to more than a knowledge of some selected departments.

What then is *Nature*, but our truly reverential phrase for the ever fresh works and all-active operations of the Great God, who "hideth himself on the right hand that we cannot see him, and on the left hand where he doth work, but we cannot behold him"? It is indeed possible that some may rest in the enumeration of the names and leading properties of natural objects, and call that Knowledge, or Science, or Philosophy, while feeling no sense of beauty, adaptation, goodness or wonder stirred within them. But a less superficial observation or a

less shallow philosophy will reach the depths of the devotional soul with its exposition of the wonderful productions of God's earth; and when Science has taught her lesson best, Reason will feel her ignorance the most, and Devotion find her sense of reliance the most sweet.

And while we read the Divine skill and bounty in the natural productions of the varied earth, not less true and right is the religious inference from all the products of human skill to the Divine Former alike of the human workman and of the materials for his work.

> "The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is,
> The compass of the world, and *they that dwell therein.*"

Wonderful indeed to man himself are the achievements of human skill and industry! Then, "what a piece of work is Man" himself! (The quotation is hackneyed, but not the sentiment.) "How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Like a God in apprehension! Faint indeed the likeness, in the eye of a pure theology. Yet let Man venerate the One powerful, the One wise, the One Source of these his imparted powers! Beautifully is this religious lesson hinted in one of those most appropriate mottos on the Exhibition Catalogue, selected (it is said) by the Prince Consort, which translated out of its flowing Latin verse, runs thus: "Say not the discoveries we make are our own. The germs of every art are implanted within us, and God our instructor, out of that which is concealed, develops the faculties of invention."* This truly religious character belongs, in fact, to all the works of God in nature, and all our use of them in life. Too little, alas! may we be alive to its habitual suggestions, which, if better heeded, might bless all our life and make it a constant service of religious love. But let these suggestions of natural piety, when made more emphatic than usual, not fall, so far as we are concerned, on unwilling ears or thankless hearts!

Then, from the productions displayed, we turn a more express gaze upon the *persons assembled.* There are men of all nations and kindreds and tongues and peoples; skins of every colour; features of every cast; costumes of every variety. A motley scene it is to the eye; humorous to the sportive fancy; wonderful to the thought; intensely interesting to the heart; O, shall we not venture to say, glorious in the sight of Him who hath made of one blood all these nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth? But, before this great Parent of all, the nations are always as one family, while dwelling over the remotest parts of His earth. This representative assembling of them together is for man, not for God. It is *to shew them to each other* as they always are in His sight, "all made by Him of one blood."

Whether this was spoken by the apostle as a physical truth or as a spiritual one, we need not, if we could, decide. It is enough for the purposes of a spiritual and paternal religion to declare it as a spiritual truth (which it assuredly is), that all minds are of one family; that "all souls are God's;" that He is "the Father of the spirits of all flesh;" without making religion answerable for the decision of that

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* "Ne nostra ista quæ invenimus dixeris:
Insita sunt nobis omnium artium semina,
Magisterque ex occulto Deus producit ingenia."

difficult question in science, whether the human race, so various and seemingly so distinct in their varieties of feature, colour, conformation, are all strictly of one species or not. The Scriptures have been rashly made answerable, as they have on many occasions besides, for the affirmative doctrine here; and Science has hardly had a fair opportunity of discussing the facts in the face of a foregone conclusion. But it is only fair to add that, after many careful researches and experiments, philosophers and physiologists are on the whole favourable to the idea that, physically viewed, all mankind are from one stock; while linguists seem also increasingly disposed to regard the phenomena of language, multifarious and diverse though they are, as pointing to one original source. Certainly these physical authorities, if admitted, may strengthen the impressiveness of the spiritual doctrine, though it might be religiously received and cherished without their aid. *One human Family, one heavenly Father*, is then the unspoken language of these assembled multitudes. Through them the universal heart of Man declares its deliberate abhorrence of War and Bloodshed, of Slavery, of Despotism, of Oppression, Cruelty and Wrong, of whatever kind, committed by man, individually or collectively, upon his fellow-man, the child of the same Heavenly Parent. Is not their suggestion truly religious? And is not this religious whisper truly a world-embracing and world-endearing faith?

But let us contemplate these differing brethren more particularly in another point of their difference,—as differing in their *religious* ideas, feelings, modes of worship and observance; and let us consider what a true religious spirit will suggest to us as regards these religious differences. Take this Exposition of the World's Industry as an exposition also (which it is) of the World's Theologies, and what does a liberal-hearted Christianity say of them?

Surely they are brought amongst us to unteach our prevailing creeds their exclusiveness, and to strengthen amongst us that truly religious spirit of manly justice and kindness, which is ever protesting, and ever called to protest, against the exclusiveness and presumption of ascendant *orthodoxies*,—that manly religion which meets a continual welcome in the secular world of life where Christian virtues reign, and is continually frowned down in the (so-called) religious world where creeds called Christian reign!

Here are Protestants come among us from Germany, whose phase of Protestantism is strange to most of us, notwithstanding our own hundred sects,—*Lutherans* these by name, and more nearly representing the religious ideas of the great Reformer than any of our Protestant Churches, yet hardly accounted "evangelical" by the stricter sects among us. They are, in fact, less dogmatical than our "orthodox" Churches. Our "orthodox" Churches would denounce them perhaps as too lax. Here, too, are heretical Genevese Protestants, and Unitarians of the National Established Church of Transylvania, who, if other men's creeds could affect their spiritual interests, would "without doubt perish everlastingly." Yet here they are as living facts, representing Churches based on Christian Protestantism—legitimate results of the "Principles of the Reformation." Our Protestantism must surely widen its doors thus far, as its first expansion towards a world-embracing faith.

Then, here are *Roman Catholics* from countries where Romanism is

established by human law and ascendant in the national habits, and not (as among us) a mean and despised Church,—representing a most compact communion which numbers probably twice as many members as all the Protestant Churches together! Shall we anathematize their Church, as she with her voice of authority does ours? God forbid! "Who art thou that judgest another's servant? To his Master he standeth or falleth. Yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand." Rather let us proclaim spiritual liberty without exception; and guarantee it by temporal laws which can also restrain, as offences against good citizenship, every abuse of liberty into licence or ascendancy.

Here are members of the *Greek or Eastern Church*, representing something above one-third of the extent of the Romish Church,—the older seceders these from the infallibility of Rome, into an infallibility of their own scarcely distinguishable in its principles or results. But is not their religion part of our common Christianity? Is not their sincerity accepted before God? Do not their prayers reach His mercy-seat?

And if many, who live in their own countries under law-established Churches too powerful and persecuting to be resisted with impunity, yet too irrational to command intelligent belief, in renouncing as an intellectual necessity the only form of Christianity they are acquainted with, have given up at the same time all conviction of the truth of Christianity itself, and fallen back upon the natural feelings of their hearts as the only religion worthy of their regard,—shall we presume to judge theirs a criminal unbelief, unless there be an "evil heart" and evil conduct in it? Shall we by our narrowness confirm their unfortunate opinion that Christianity is irrational and illiberal? Or shall we not shew it them rather in such intellectual and moral relations as may command their respect, if not win their ultimate assent?

Jews we have always with us,—people, alas! of no nation now (territorially speaking), but scattered among all the nations of the earth, from whom our Christian salvation sprang, though they refuse to have part or lot in it. Instead of repulsing them from equal worldly rights, and then doubting their acceptance in the sight of Heaven, would that our Churches shewed Christianity to them in a light not less rational as regards its theology, while more spiritual in its worship, than their own ancient faith! Would that Christians duly illustrated that morality in which the Law and the Gospel agree, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"!

Mahometans are among us,—the representatives of a system of religion and morals which numbers more disciples than the Roman Catholic Church, and almost as many as the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches together,—Mahometans, to whom "there is no God but God, the living, the self-subsisting;" who acknowledge Him spiritually, and worship Him without other sacrifice than that of the heart; and to whom Mahomet seems the Prophet of God, because he reformed the religion of his day and nation from the traditions of the Jews and the polytheism of the Christians. Think as we may and must of his conquering sword and self-excusing, self-indulgent Koran, as disproving to the calm judgment his pretensions to be received as a prophet,—*to them* his claims are true, to them his Koran is divine. And his theology is rational and sublime in itself,—aye, scriptural to a great extent; while

the short-comings of his morality are the faults of his country and his time. Let the Christian see in all this (and rejoice to see it), how largely the Mahometan participates in the revealed blessings of the gospel. Let him compare him advantageously with the idolater, and not disparagingly with himself. Let him not seek to rob him of his Maker's all-reaching love, because he has not acquiesced in Christ as the fulness of divine revelation, while receiving him with such reverence as the Christian shews to Moses and the Jewish prophets.

And men are among us from the far East,—from China, from India, from Japan,—strange men, bodily and mentally, the very structure of whose ideas and language we with difficulty realize, and of whose religion we ought to pronounce cautiously, if we would pronounce justly. Whether, in "seeking the Lord" (as all nations are impelled to do), "if haply they might feel after him and find him," their Sages have confounded Him with His marvellous works, and ascribed to the Physical Universe itself the Attributes of Godhead,—or whether their populace have bowed to graven images, with nations less civilized than they,—it is under the Providence of the Great Father of all that they have erred and we been guided into truth. It is not for us to say *why* the voice of progressive Revelation has reached us on the winds of European civilization, while they, who seem to have attained an older civilization, to which our antiquity is youth, have been stationary in it for ages since. But least of all is it for us to wrong the Maker of all, to wrong the best impulses of our own nature, and to disgrace the holy name of Christianity, by doubting whether He whose spiritual mercies to us are so great, has spiritual blessings for them also!

In Christianity itself there are many ministrations, many diversities of gift, power, perception. In human nature there are many diversities of faculty, taste, feeling, which a common Christianity seeks not to smooth into uniformity. Under God's Providence there are other (though we do right to call them lower) spiritual agencies. But it is One God and Father of all who divideth to every man severally as He will, and accepteth a man "according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not;" who judgeth the Jew by the Law, the Christian by the Gospel, the Heathen by the light of Nature, excusing such darkness in him as was not that of known and wilful sin.

Such be the great religious lessons of the year 1851! Let them be heard above the priestly debates on surplices and tapers, above the political question of Ecclesiastical titles, above even the popular question of Conferential authority. They will help the settlement of all these, when they have first taught us breadth and liberality of religious views,—true Human justice, true Christian charity, true Human and Christian devotion.

E. H. H.

THE STARS.

Look up at the stars which everlastingly shine round the throne of the Everlasting. Did no star shine down to us from above, man would lay himself down in the earth for his last sleep with sadness, as if it were a charnel-vault built in the dark earth, without an opening.—*Jean Paul.*

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK ON CAMBRIDGE STUDIES.*

The progress by which this bulky volume has expanded from its original form of a slender pamphlet into its present ample dimensions, is somewhat curious. The *nucleus* on which so many accretions have now accumulated, was a sermon preached by the author on the day of the annual commemoration in the chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, in December, 1832. The publication of the sermon having been requested, that part of it which relates to the studies of the University was re-composed, and extended to more than three times its original length. In succeeding editions an Appendix of notes was attached, for the purpose of illustrating various topics in the Discourse, which at length equalled, if it did not exceed it in bulk. At last, the fifth edition is ushered in with a Preface of not fewer than 442 pages; and, not contented with this disproportioned introduction, the volume is closed with a Supplement to the Appendix extending to about 150 pages more, and a Postscript to the Supplement; so that the Discourse, as the author himself observes, "though none of the smallest, is so crushed between a monstrous Preface and a ponderous double-headed Appendix, that it begins to look like a grain of wheat between two mill-stones."

These successive accumulations seem to have been piled on one another without much regard to unity of design or distinct arrangement of materials, according as particular topics or illustrations from time to time presented themselves to the writer's mind; and therefore it would be next to impossible to give anything like a complete analysis of its contents which would not be almost as excursive and desultory as the work itself, and it might be in danger of growing up into a magnitude as far beyond the writer's first intention. We propose, therefore, to confine ourselves for the most part to an examination of one portion of the original Discourse, for the purpose of offering a few words of apology for a doctrine which of late years has been rarely mentioned except to make it the subject of severe censure, and, as we presume to think, of occasional misrepresentation, till at last its very name has degenerated into a term of reproach.

The predominant subject of the overgrown Preface is an elaborate critique and refutation of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," in which the author is in some measure "fighting his battles o'er again," if, as there is no reason to doubt, he was himself the writer of the well-known article in the Edinburgh Review on this work, to which, though not acknowledging it, he makes frequent reference. Till recently, we might have been inclined to think this a superfluous labour, something like slaying the slain, considering that the book, after enjoying a brilliant though short-lived popularity, seemed to be gradually subsiding into its proper place in the public estimation. The writer's incompetency as a scientific reasoner, and his imperfect and inaccurate acquaintance with those facts in natural science on which his argument, such as it was, professed to be founded, having been fully exposed by men of the first authority in each department,

* A Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge. By Adam Sedgwick. Fifth Edition. With Additions and a Preliminary Dissertation.

it might have been thought that its influence in diffusing the erroneous and dangerous notions it was intended to recommend, would quickly pass away. But as there is too much reason to fear that this was a mistaken expectation, it was perhaps not labour thrown away when Mr. Sedgwick undertook to renew the discussion, and to shew, with greater copiousness and variety of detail than before, the real truth with respect to those facts, in geology more especially, which appeared to have been misconceived or perverted. This he has done at great length, and we think in a manner which must set the question at rest in the estimation of every person who is competent to judge. But the misfortune is, that the book is not addressed to or intended for this class of readers, but that much more numerous class whose slender acquaintance with science does not enable them to detect the writer's inaccuracies and misstatements, and to see through the plausible but fallacious speculations he has founded upon them. Perhaps the object would not have been less effectually attained, if there had appeared in our author's manner of treating his argument more care to avoid the irritation of a personal controversy. But those who have heard him when engaged in the animated discussion of some purely scientific question in the Geological section of the British Association, are well aware that the ardour of his mind is easily excited, even where no principle bearing directly on the great interests of religion and morality appears to be at stake, and will therefore be the less disposed to wonder that in a case like this he contends, not only with earnestness, but with warmth and vehemence.

We are at a loss to make out what particular individuals were in the mind's eye of the author in the following passage:

"Men are the fools of fashion, and schemes of development are the fashion of the hour. Constitutions that once came to life only after long gestation and many a mortal pang, are now to be developed into full stature while the sun is making one of its daily rounds in the sky. Law is to develop its true supremacy by the dissolution of the elements of order. Nations are to be developed into riches, power and strength and happiness, by the abolition of the rights of property. On a revolving mechanism, all things once thought great and glorious are to descend into the kennel; and out of it are to rise the elements of another system, which are to be twirled and developed into something newer and more glorious.—One develops all knowledge from the mind, and laughs at the drudging materialist and experimentalist. Another, bristling up and blundering among small facts, tells us that in them he finds the elements of all nature within his material ken—that he has machinery fit for all work, by which he can grind mind out of matter, rationalize the brute forms of nature, fabricate a new web of humanity, and teach us something better than Christian charity. Things most sacred are to be swept into a fashionable whirlpool, wherein the strangest incongruities are now making their gyrations side by side. One, calling himself an Idealist, makes our religion nothing but a turn of thought evolved naturally by the mind during its whirl of development; as if the followers of Jesus had been a set of mere speculative philosophers, and not (as we know they were) a set of very simple and earnest men! Lastly, in the same vortex, and side by side with the whirling Idealists, we see a dark being with many faces, who first proclaims himself an anti-rationalist; and to justify the symbols of this creed, becomes a vender of preposterous miracles and bygone fables; and then, to bring his morality down to the level of his credulity, publishes what he believes not true, and dares to tell us afterwards, that truth is not the verbal expression of our indi-

vidual belief, but the watchword of a party. And then he makes another gyration, that draws him within the whirlpool of the Pantheist, and his brain turns with it; and by whatever name he may now pass, and whatsoever may be the last form and colour of his symbols, he is but the hierophant of Pantheism; for he sees in the simple elements of his faith nothing but an organic germ, that by a process of incubation may be hatched by man himself into a new organic type and a higher grade of supernatural development. Where these drunken movements are to end, I know not. The subject is no matter for mockery, but for solemn thought."—P. ccxxvii.

We may suppose this last is meant for the author of the Vestiges; but if so, Mr. Sedgwick must know, or believe he knows, a good deal more of the character and history of that writer than has ever yet been revealed to the public.

The second part of this long Preface commences with a not injudicious abridged statement of the evidences of revelation suggested by the pantheistic representations of this subject by Hegel, Strauss, and their disciples. Next follows an account of some recent changes in the University course, modern external improvements, and remarks on the moral and social character of the students, which we are glad to learn, upon such authority, has been of late years a good deal changed for the better. The concluding section is chiefly devoted to a review of modern religious movements as affecting the character and condition both of the Universities and the Church of England. He expresses, as might be expected, a strong disapprobation of the principles and conduct of the Romanizing party in the Church, especially of those who continue to enjoy its honours and emoluments while holding opinions which can be consistently and honestly professed only in open communion with the Church of Rome. If any one really believes that the Tridentine decrees contain a right summary of Christian doctrine, he acknowledges that there is no other consistent course for such a one to pursue but to transfer his allegiance to the Pope. But he urges him at the same time to weigh well the nature and consequences of such a step, and grounds his appeal on considerations, with some of which we should have little sympathy.

"Before he takes his final step of apostasy from the faith of that Church in which by God's will, and by no choice of his own, he was engrafted when a child, let him remember that he owes a very solemn duty to the country of his birth, *to the baptismal font where he was first sprinkled,* to the schools where he lisped his first confessions, and to the altar in sight of which he took on himself those very vows which had been first made in his behalf by those who took on themselves the solemn obligations of his Christian sponsors."

In the Discourse, after some preliminary observations, the preacher proceeds to take a general view of the studies pursued in the University, which he divides into three branches:

"1. The study of the laws of nature, comprehending all parts of inductive material philosophy. 2. The study of ancient literature, or, in other words, of those authentic records which convey to us an account of the feelings, the sentiments and the actions, of men prominent in the history of the most famous empires of the ancient world. In these works we seek for examples and maxims of prudence and models of taste. 3. The study of ourselves, considered as individuals and as social beings. Under this head are included ethics and metaphysics, moral and political philosophy, and some other kindred subjects of great complexity, hardly touched on in our academic system, and to be followed out in the more mature labours of after life."—Discourse, p. 10.

Under the first and second of these heads there is not much that we are disposed to object to, though we are apt to think that our author's natural desire to represent in the most favourable colours the course pursued in his own University and his own College, should be borne in mind, and may require us to receive some of his statements with a few grains of allowance. The study of the laws of nature (meaning the laws and phenomena of the external world) he justly conceives to be incomplete and separated from what imparts to it the highest interest and value, if it is not made the means of carrying the inquirer forward to the Author of nature. He is thus led to speak of the relation which natural science bears to natural theology, and the argument for the being and attributes of God derived from the marks of wise design and contrivance in the works of creation, so ably stated in Paley's well-known treatise upon that subject. Some late writers have affected to make light of this "mechanical argument," and have chosen rather to rely on what they consider as the inherent tendency of the human mind to conceive the idea of a Supreme Intelligence as constituting the only proof to be depended on of his existence. But it is easier to decry the argument from design than to prove its fallacy. For our parts, we deem it satisfactory and conclusive; and without calling in question other kinds and sources of evidence, we think this is by far the best adapted to come home with convincing force to the mind whose plain common sense has not been bewildered and perplexed with the subtle refinements of philosophy, falsely so called.

The second division comprises the study of ancient literature, which we are glad to observe is not confined, by our author's account, to the study of the ancient languages, though he admits that this was too much the case in times not long gone by. There may possibly be room for improvement still; and perhaps it were to be wished that the system of academical instruction originally framed in reference to a state of things which no longer exists,—when nearly all that deserved the name of literature was to be found in one or other of what were therefore called the *learned* languages,—might be still further modified, so as to afford a larger proportionate place to the literature of modern nations and spoken languages, which are now so much more copious, and adapted to wants and circumstances, and to a condition of the human mind, of which the writers of Greece and Rome had no conception.

The third branch of academical study to which our author directed the attention of his hearers is "that in which we are *ourselves* considered philosophically, as individuals and as social beings." His remarks under this head are almost confined to two works of distinguished merit, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding and Paley's Moral Philosophy, which it appears were at one time the almost exclusive text-books in the University on their respective branches. However highly we may estimate them, we may doubt the propriety of placing them in this position, not only because they neither give nor profess to give a complete and systematic view of the whole of the very extensive and diversified field of inquiries to which they relate, but also because, in respect of speculations like these, on which, though we may give them the names of philosophy

and science, men have differed and continue to differ widely, it is but right that the students should be furnished with the opportunity of acquainting themselves with the varied and conflicting views which are taken of these highly interesting and important, but eagerly-disputed questions. The more extended range of reading to which it appears that their attention is now directed, we consider accordingly as a decided improvement. It may be added, that in this instance, where the human mind is the object of its own examination, the *history* of the science is in fact no unimportant part of the science itself, and a knowledge of the opinions which have been maintained upon the subject by different sects of philosophers, and the manner in which the attention of the mind has been directed from time to time to its own powers and operations, constitute a material portion of the facts which it is the business of mental philosophy to generalize and arrange; and consequently an extensive course of reading, especially of those authors who have thought and expressed themselves most variously on disputed points, is more necessary in this than in many other branches of study.

Without, however, trusting to this more comprehensive course of inquiry, Mr. Sedgwick thinks it necessary to guard the hearers and readers of his Discourse against the dangers of a *one-sided* view of these subjects, by dwelling at considerable length on certain leading doctrines maintained by these celebrated writers which he regards as erroneous and as leading to immoral and dangerous conclusions. Mr. Locke is well known to have denied the existence of what are called innate ideas, and of all innate principles, whether speculative or practical, referring all our ideas (however remote they may sometimes appear from any such origin in their present complex and varied character) to two sources,—*sensation*, which gives us the materials of a knowledge of external nature, and *reflection*, by which the mind is enabled to take cognizance of its own operations. Our author, while he admits the fact that, if cut off from these two sources of knowledge, the mind would be destitute of ideas, still contends for the existence of what he calls innate *capacities*, of which he represents it as the great error and defect of Mr. Locke's theory that he takes no notice. We are apt to think, however, that the difference in this point, on which so much has been said and written on both sides, is more apparent and verbal than real. Certainly Mr. Locke did not mean to affirm that there was not an original constitution of the mind as well as the body, in which man differed from all other animals, and by virtue of which the impressions made on the organs of sense had a tendency to create a certain definite mental affection which we call an *idea*. The uniformity of the human constitution is such, that these affections have a general resemblance, accompanied by individual diversities, owing to original peculiarities or to the varied character of the impressions made by external circumstances. And we are strongly disposed to think that the innate capacities or principles so earnestly contended for by many, will not be found on a fair examination to amount to much more than this. Thus Lord Shaftsbury, after speaking in very strong and unmeasured terms against Mr. Locke's philosophy, representing it as "striking at fundamentals, and throwing all order and virtue out of the world," finds

fault with the use he has made of the word *innate*, and prefers *connatural*. "Birth, he says, has nothing to do with the matter. The question is, not about the time when the ideas entered, but whether the constitution of man be such, that being adult and grown up, at such or such a time, sooner or later, no matter when, the idea and sense of order, administration and a God, will not infallibly, inevitably, necessarily spring up in him?"

If this be really the question, it is difficult to see what there is in it to found a debate upon, or what practical difference can exist between the parties. At the same time, it seems more philosophical and satisfactory if we are able to reduce the various phenomena of our intellectual nature to a single principle, simple and luminous in itself, the reality and wonderful extent of whose operations is admitted on all hands, and which is found on a careful examination to be capable of explaining them all. And while we grant that such notions will always arise in the mind to a certain extent, wherever men are found, we still maintain that they are dependent for everything that constitutes their practical excellence, dignity or value, upon that religious and moral *education* which is the result of external circumstances, and in respect of which men differ most widely from each other. For everything that distinguishes the notions of order, virtue, providence and the like, as entertained by the Christian philosopher, from those of the most ignorant savage, he is certainly indebted, not to any principle of their common nature, but to those circumstances wherein they *differ*,—namely, to the greater development and cultivation of his intellectual powers, to the influence of refined and civilized society, and, above all, to the additional light which has been thrown for his benefit on these important subjects by the discoveries of revelation. There is no proper sense in which any of these peculiarities can be represented as springing out of the original nature of man. Still they are the result, not of the wisdom of man, but of the wisdom of God. They are a part of the wise arrangements of Providence for the moral education of mankind, and are admirably adapted to that purpose. No consistent disciple of Locke would fail to perceive this; on the contrary, he would be most anxious to enforce and dwell upon it, as a signal proof of the Divine goodness, in so accommodating the circumstances and education of man to the original constitution of his nature, as to promote his highest improvement and happiness. Whether any "minute philosophers" have so far perverted and misrepresented this doctrine as to give it the appearance of encouraging a notion that all moral distinctions are the result of human convention, we have not sufficient acquaintance with their writings to determine; but that Mr. Locke is not responsible for any such perversion is quite evident.

It appears, therefore, and it cannot be too carefully borne in mind, that in the whole of this argument about original instinctive moral principles, there are two very distinct questions, from the blending of which together the reasoning of those who contend for the existence of such innate principles derives the whole of its plausibility. *One* inquiry is, whether there is not such a uniformity in the constitution of human nature and of human society, that in the midst of great and important diversities there will always be a considerable resemblance

in the moral sentiments and feelings prevalent in all ages and nations; the *other* is, do these sentiments and feelings themselves exist originally in the mind as a part of its constitution, independently of experience? It is not difficult to establish an affirmative answer to the former of these questions; but then it is a question to which few have ever thought of returning any other answer. The latter is the point really in dispute, and we apprehend that a sound philosophy, aided by a correct observation, not merely of the *present state*, but of the *history*, the origin and progress of the moral sense, will lead us to the conclusion that it results from the general constitution of our rational and intellectual nature, in consequence of which we are enabled to compare together different objects of pursuit in respect of their value and influence on our happiness and that of others, and also to judge of the adaptation of different modes of conduct as means for the attainment of these objects.

When asked to what principle of our nature the perceptions of right and wrong are to be referred, we should certainly reply, to the understanding. Man is a moral, because he is an intellectual being; he perceives the distinction between moral good and evil by the exercise of the same rational faculties which enable him to perceive and judge in all other cases. The reason why many have doubted this, may be the lively emotions by which our moral perceptions are frequently attended. These are so much more vivid, that they withdraw the attention from the purely intellectual process; and we are apt to overlook the essential, in order to occupy ourselves wholly with the accidental. But surely it is a strange way of doing honour to the moral sentiments of man, to represent them as flowing, not from the exercise of his intellect, but from a blind mechanical feeling, referable in its ultimate analysis to mere bodily sensations. And yet it is to such a source that many ascribe, not merely the perception of right, but the ground of obligation to practise it.

In these remarks on supposed innate principles, we have in some measure anticipated the censures passed by our author on Paley's theory of Morals. The account which this celebrated writer has given of the notion of a moral sense or instinct is unsatisfactory, partly inasmuch as he has made an unfair statement of the case, and partly because the view he has presented of the argument against it, though correct as far as it goes, is incomplete and imperfect. He has said enough, however, to shew that the judgments we form of the moral character of actions and dispositions are factitious, the result of education and experience, and also that the emotions or pleasurable and painful feelings with which we regard them, instead of being simple, as many suppose, are among the most complex of all the affections of which the mind is susceptible. To rely on these, as a test of right and wrong, appears therefore very unreasonable; and if the proposal were consistently carried out in practice, which it never is nor has been, it would strike at the root of all fixed and permanent moral distinctions; because it is evident that, in a multitude of instances, the application of this test has determined the same actions and dispositions to be right in one age or nation and wrong in another. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to seek for some more uniform standard, founded, not on the ever-varying sentiments or prejudices of

men in different states of cultivation or improvement, but on the essential nature of things. It is also evident that, even if this test could furnish a consistent and uniform rule, we shall seek here in vain for any competent authority which may convert the rule into a law, and impose an obligation to observe it. We must seek for this with Paley, where alone we shall find it, in the express or implied will of God, which is obligatory upon us for this plain reason, that our happiness both here and hereafter depends upon it.

The distinction to which we have here adverted between a *rule* and a *law*, though abundantly obvious on a little reflection, is yet too frequently overlooked, and as it is of primary importance in all ethical inquiries, it may not be amiss to dwell upon it. It is a distinction which lies at the basis of all just views of moral obligation, and consequently involves a reference to some superior power or authority operating *ab extra*, to which we feel ourselves under a necessity to render obedience. In the want of this reference consisted the radical and insuperable deficiency of the Grecian ethical schools, and indeed of all systems which appeal to human reason alone. From their theories of human nature, and their views—some of them just, but others highly absurd and dangerous—of the objects and constitution of society, these philosophers were able to deduce a variety of practical rules, of which they might *recommend* the observance. But they were not empowered to *command;* they were unable to supply the sanction which was to enforce their maxims, and render a regard to them *imperative* on those to whom they were addressed. For anything they could adduce, it might still appear to be a mere affair of *prudence*, a matter perfectly optional. And the same, as far as we can perceive, must be said of the doctrine of those modern theorists, who, dispensing with the additional authority derived from natural or revealed religion, seek to establish the practical rules of morality on no more substantial basis than the (so-called) *instinctive* suggestions of conscience. If an opponent objects to such representations when urged on his acceptance as imperative rules of duty, "you are at liberty to speak for yourself, but *my* consciousness is different," it is not easy to see upon these principles what reply is to be made.

But the capital offence alleged against Paley's theory is its being founded on what is called the *utilitarian* system. "Actions are to be estimated by their tendency. Whatever is expedient, is right. It is the utility of any moral rule alone which constitutes the obligation to practise it."—The objections which have so commonly been brought against this system, and in which our author fully concurs, are owing for the most part to the ambiguity of the terms Utility and Expediency, which while in one sense they express what by many is considered, not without some show of reason, as the ultimate foundation of all right, are in another sense placed in direct opposition to it, to express the pursuit of low, sordid, *selfish* aims, by means inconsistent with the interest of the public, and even with the final and best interest of the agent himself. We can explain upon no other principle the extreme repugnance which many otherwise able and acute reasoners have shewn to this doctrine, or the poor and miserable shifts to which they have frequently had recourse in order to keep *apparently* clear of it, or, we may take leave to add, the high tone of

censure, and sometimes even of personal imputation and reproach, passing several degrees beyond what is usually considered as admissible in a purely philosophical discussion, with which they sometimes allow themselves to speak of its most distinguished advocates.

Dr. Paley's reason for considering right and expediency (that is, expediency on the whole, in the long run) as identical, is founded on the assumption that God is infinitely benevolent, and that therefore whatever He wills must of necessity be the most conducive to the true and permanent happiness of his creatures. In one place it would almost seem as if our author was disposed to call this assumption in question, where he tells us that Paley "reasons of his Maker as if he were a man, and *dares* to bind up the great first cause in the links of a single disjunctive proposition. God, as far as regards the interests of man, must be benevolent, malignant or indifferent. This is the fundamental proposition of his moral system. But by what right can man set limits to the moral condition of the Almighty? the Creator of a million worlds, each bound to the others by never-changing laws; and perhaps also of a million intellectual systems, each connected with our own by mysterious relations, conceived in his own mind and pre-ordained in his will, yet not revealed to us."—Discourse, p. 60.

In spite of the somewhat imperious tone of this "*argumentum ad verecundiam*," we must be so daring as to acknowledge that Paley's disjunctive proposition appears to us to be exhaustive, and that he shews good and sufficient reasons for accepting the first of its three members. The little sketch of an argument in the chapter on the Divine Benevolence is one of the *gems* of his book; and if the reader seeks for anything more, he will find it admirably supplied in the more elaborate dissertation on the same subject in the "Natural Theology," which we would gladly recommend to those who have any remaining doubts or difficulties, to read over and over again till they have got it by heart.

Regardless of their repeated disclamations, our author persists in using the terms utility and expediency, with reference to this system and its advocates, in the most narrow and inferior sense; and thus virtually ascribing to them principles and practical conclusions which he cannot be so ill-read in their works as not to be aware that they would repudiate as decidedly as himself.

"From first to last, it [the utilitarian scheme] is in bondage to the world, measuring every act by a worldly standard, and estimating its value by worldly consequences. Virtue becomes a question of calculation—a matter of profit or loss; and if man gain heaven at all on such a system, it must be by arithmetical details—the computation of his daily work—the balance of his moral ledger. A conclusion such as this offends against the spirit breathing in every page of the book of life, yet is fairly drawn from the principles of utility. It appears indeed not only to have been foreseen by Paley, but to have been accepted by him,—a striking instance of the tenacity with which man ever clings to system, and is ready to embrace even its monstrous consequences, rather than believe that he has himself been building on a wrong foundation.*

* "The following are the passages here referred to:

"'The Christian religion has not ascertained *the precise quantity* of virtue necessary to salvation.

"'It has been said, that it can never be a just economy of Providence to admit one part of mankind into heaven, and condemn the other to hell; since there

"Utilitarian philosophy and Christian ethics have in their principles and motives no common bond of union, and ought never to have been linked together in one system; for, palliate and disguise the difference as we may, we shall find at last that they rest on separate foundations,—one deriving all its strength from the moral feelings, and the other from the selfish passions of our nature. Religion renounces this unholy union; and the system of utility standing by itself, and without the shelter of a heavenly garment not its own, is seen in its true colours, and in all the nakedness of its deformity."—Discourse, p. 65.

All this, we must say, appears to us downright extravagance; and we much doubt whether the Cambridge moralist, if he could have seen it, would have honoured it with any other notice than a benevolent and compassionate smile. But the author must surely be aware that it is quite a common thing for sceptical writers to bring forward the very same objection to the morality of the Scriptures,—that it deals too much in motives and arguments addressed to self-interest,—in short, that it is mainly founded on the selfish *utilitarian* system. Of course we consider the objection as ill-founded; but not more so than when it is urged with such ill-placed vehemence of invective in the above extract. Surely it cannot be necessary to remind Mr. S. who it is that says, "O that there were such a heart in them that they would fear me and keep all my commandments always, *that it might be well with them and with their children for ever.*" Or where we find such declarations as these, "In keeping of them there is great reward;" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" "Godliness is *profitable* unto all things, having the promise of the life that *now is*, as well as of that which is to come," &c. &c.

Great stress is laid by our author, and most of those who think with him on these subjects, on the alleged difficulty of "calculating the chances of utility," as though it were the doctrine of their opponents, that, in order to arrive at a due knowledge of moral distinctions, it was necessary to trace *each particular action* to all its remotest consequences. But nothing like this was ever maintained, or forms any proper result of the system of utility. Because we regard the tendency

must be very little to choose between the worst man who is received into heaven, and the best who is excluded. And how know we, it might be answered, but that there may be as little to choose in their conditions?'

"In the latter years of his life, Paley would, I believe, have been incapable of uttering or conceiving sentiments such as these."

The first of these propositions, which it must be allowed is awkwardly expressed, seems to be quoted by Paley as an objection made by some deistical writer to Christianity; but, as he very justly observes, the objection is groundless, for this among other good reasons, that there exists no standard of measure by which one kind or degree of virtue can be compared with another in respect of *quantity*. The expression, in fact, seems to be very nearly without meaning. Mr. Sedgwick is mistaken, however, in supposing that the sentiment involved in these extracts, and of which he has given so offensive a caricature, would not have been uttered by Paley in the latter years of his life; for it is repeated in nearly the same words, and supported by a greater variety of argument and illustration, in one of the "Sermons on various Subjects," published after the author's death, by his son, the Rev. Edmund Paley, who must be presumed to have known what were his father's latest and most matured opinions. His doctrine appears to us, in this instance, to be perfectly just, though, if followed out to its consequences, it might lead to some results which the author perhaps would hardly have acknowledged.

See some remarks on this sermon in the Monthly Repository, N.S., IV. 805.

of virtue to promote our happiness, or the welfare of the world at large, as furnishing the *reason* why a conformity to it is desirable or binding upon us, it by no means follows that it is solely or chiefly in consequence of, or in proportion to, the apparent beneficial tendency of a particular action as it presents itself to us at the time, that we regard it as virtuous. To suppose this would be the extreme of arrogance and presumption; it would imply that we believed ourselves to be omnipotent and infallible. But if, from general reasoning, from our confidence in express divine declarations, from our experience of the great preponderance of the happiness we actually enjoy over the sufferings to which we are occasionally exposed, or from any other considerations, we are fully convinced of the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, it is evident that we cannot avoid the conclusion that obedience to his will, by whatever means that will is ascertained, must be the surest means of attaining those objects which constitute the importance and obligation of virtue. In other words, we cannot but regard utility or expediency as the *foundation*, and the will of God as the *standard*, criterion or rule, of virtue.

Lest the preceding observations should be misunderstood, it may be desirable to add, that though we freely admit, not the difficulty, but the impossibility, of tracing any one particular action into all the infinitely varied ramifications of the influence which it exercises throughout all space and time, upon the happiness of the world, we cannot allow that there exists any such insuperable difficulty in the attempt to deduce general rules of conduct from our experience and observation of the ordinary results of such conduct among men in a social state. It is much easier to satisfy ourselves of the expediency, and consequently, according to these views, of the obligation, of certain modes of conduct considered as prevailing extensively or adopted habitually, than it is to estimate by any such standard the tendency of an adherence to or violation of the rule in a particular instance. It may be granted that the human faculties are limited and imperfect, that our means of information and our powers of reasoning upon this information are not sufficient to enable us to follow out all our actions to their remotest consequences, without allowing that this method of determining the propriety of different modes of conduct is absolutely and in all cases inadmissible. The resort to it by all classes of practical moralists and divines (when, for instance, having shewn the excellence and obligation of brotherly love, from the divine word, and from such other considerations as they conceive it necessary to have recourse to for this purpose, they proceed to enforce it on their readers or hearers from its utility and great importance, from its tendency to promote the general happiness, our own happiness, or the improvement of the best and noblest part of our natures), shews that mankind are capable of following out these consequences to a certain extent, and that it is from such sources that their notions of the moral character of various dispositions and modes of conduct are in some considerable measure derived. Surely these are cases in which the relations we bear to our fellow-creatures are so far simplified, in which the consequences of certain actions (especially when repeated habitually) are so palpably obvious, as to force conviction upon every reflecting mind. To deny, for instance, that we may safely appeal to

this as our rule or criterion, in determining that *veracity* is important to the well-being of society, and that an habitual disregard of it is in the highest degree prejudicial, would be to introduce a scepticism of the most alarming kind,—a scepticism, in our opinion, infinitely more dangerous to the interests of virtue than even the flagrant misconception of the principle of utility ascribed by our author to one of the most eminent philosophers of modern times. It is well known that, notwithstanding the paramount obligation universally and justly claimed for the duty of veracity, there are certain exceptions and limitations pleaded for by many, which have been the subjects of much dispute. How such a dispute could arise at all, on the principle that the "moral feelings" are the sovereign tests of right and wrong,—the law of God written in the heart,—it is not easy to see. The question must be settled for each individual by a reference to his own consciousness, from which, according to this doctrine, no appeal can possibly lie to the consciousness of another. But when we turn to the mode in which the discussion of several of these alleged exceptions has been managed, as in the case of deviations from truth in intercourse with the sick, with children, with the insane, &c., is it not obvious that the uniform labour of the advocates of a stricter rule has been to shew that such instances of deception are not *expedient*, and for that reason, and that alone, are not right? On the other hand, as far as our observation has extended, when the *feelings* have been called in as arbiters in the case, it has been most commonly in behalf of a relaxation of the rule.

We are happy to observe the confirmation which these views receive from the high authority of Sir James Mackintosh. "It is impossible (says this distinguished writer) for us to calculate the effects of a single action, any more than the chances of a single life. But let it not be hastily concluded that the calculation of consequences is impossible in moral subjects. To calculate the general tendency of every sort of human action, is a possible, easy and common operation. The general good effects of temperance, prudence, fortitude, justice, benevolence, gratitude, veracity, fidelity,—of the affections of kindred and of love for our country,—are the subjects of calculations which, taken as generalities, are absolutely unerring. They are founded on a larger and firmer basis of more uniform experience than any of those ordinary calculations which govern prudent men in the whole business of life. An appeal to these daily and familiar transactions furnishes at once a decisive answer, both to those advocates of utility who represent the consideration of it as a necessary ingredient in virtuous motives as well as moral approbation, and to those opponents who turn the unwarrantable inferences of unskilful advocates into proofs of the absurdity into which the doctrine leads."*

In Dr. Paley's account of the duty of submission to civil government, after resolving it into the will of God as deduced from expediency, the question occurs, "But who shall judge of this? We answer, Every man for himself." Against this decision our author, as may be expected, vehemently exclaims. "A more loose and mischievous doctrine, one more certain to be turned to base purposes by bad men, was never, he believes, upheld by any Christian moralist." But let

* Ethical Philosophy. Whewell's Edition, p. 361.

us be calm, and consider what it really amounts to. To nothing more, we apprehend, than this,—that every man is bound, in this as in every other instance, to act according to his own opinions of right, and not yield himself implicitly to the absolute direction of any other man or set of men. It is of the right of private judgment in opposition to public authority that the author is speaking,—not of human judgment in opposition to divine, still less of the impulses of human passions or the *dicta* of poets in opposition to human reason. Every honest man will feel it to be his duty to act as *he thinks* right. No doubt he is also bound to avail himself of every means in his power to render his judgment correct; but by this judgment, when formed, he is surely bound to regulate his conduct,—nay, he cannot well do otherwise. Far from affording a handle to the machinations of bad men, it seems rather fitted to supply the best security against them. Such men rarely seek to gain their ends by the calm and sober calculations of reason, but by rousing the passions to cloud and pervert the judgment. The practical corollaries which Paley proceeds to deduce from it clearly shew that, instead of tending to subvert existing institutions or weakening the moral basis of obedience to civil government, it is rather of a conservative character, especially by suggesting and enforcing this important consideration, that however *desirable* a certain political change may appear in itself, it is not expedient, and therefore not right, to attempt to bring it about by *agitation*, unless we have a tolerably reasonable chance of success.

It is evident that we have by no means exhausted our subject; but we have said enough perhaps for our present purpose, and our limits warn us to draw to a conclusion. We have been led to dwell chiefly on a few topics in respect of which we differ from our author and a large, perhaps an increasing, class of those who devote themselves to these studies; but we cannot conclude without expressing our full approbation of many things which we find scattered in different parts of this book, and our hope that it may continue to exert a beneficial influence over successive races of the young men to whom it is more immediately addressed.

LIFE OF WORDSWORTH.*

Biography, as distinct from History and Historical Memoirs, is an altogether modern species of literary effort, and would seem at present to be at the height of its popularity. Everybody's life is written. We do not suppose that there is any distinguished statesman or man of letters now living, whose correspondence is not docketed and doomed from the moment of its receipt. Some connection or dependant already sees visions of the volumes which will be necessary to allay the public curiosity; and the other collectors of letters will be satisfied with a complimentary notice in the preface. Public curiosity is imperious and must be gratified; and however blank of event the life—a soldier's

* Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Canon of Westminster. 2 vols. 8vo. London—Moxon. 1851.

despatches—a legislator's speeches—even, as in the case before us, a poet's obsolete political tract—all fill up, and ballast, by their ponderosity, the personal gossip so eagerly desired. Public curiosity is capricious; and to anticipate its vicissitudes, the life's story must be told at once, even if half told. "Final Memorials," especially if containing painful or curious revelations, may revive the old craving, and create a fresh sale. Yet if the public could be taught to wait,—if literary aspirants would but consult a little more for the character of the departed friend and their own true self-respect, and a little less for immediate profit and reputation,—how much might not be gained! How many "Lives" would never be written at all, and nobody the poorer! How many sources of imperfection would be removed even from those which promise a permanent interest! How many crude panegyrics might be replaced by impartial delineations of character! How much truth might be manfully spoken, now necessarily suppressed! How much personal detail omitted, which now only pampers a pernicious taste!

Every one fancies that he can write a biography. Yet a perfect biography, if not the highest, is still among the rarest efforts of human genius. Relationship to the subject of the work seems to be considered at present a prime requisite of the biographer. A son, a brother, or a nephew, has had peculiar opportunities of appreciating character,—is willingly entrusted with even the most private papers of the deceased. Yet might it not be surmised that such eyes must needs look at character through an intervening medium of affectionate prejudice; that such hands are selected as the depositaries of documents, in order that their evidence may be adapted to partial conclusions? And the question of, Who the biographer? settled,—another, What the biography? remains for answer. Is it to be a mass of fragmentary conversations and colloquial anecdotes, such as constitute the sole memorial of Coleridge? Or a mere collection of letters, printed without selection, and strung on the slightest possible narrative thread, like the Life of Southey? Or a "biographical commentary on the poet's works," as Dr. Wordsworth himself calls the present Memoirs of his uncle? Is a biography to be a work of art, or a shapeless congeries of materials, the connection and employment of which is left to the reader's ingenuity? The most perfect biography in the world was completed at the cost of the biographer's degradation. We do not recommend to future aspirants that they should make themselves as ridiculous as Boswell; but we have, nevertheless, a right to ask that they should enter on their task with some distinct ideas as to its nature, and some steady purposes as to its fulfilment.

Biographers have of late grown somewhat diffident of their powers to preface their work in all its amplitude, and the world is a gainer by the change. A collection of letters, so they be chronologically arranged and accompanied by an article out of some Biographical Dictionary, is better and more grateful to a discerning reader, than the self-parade of a dull or a pompous biographer. Suppose—shades of Gray and Mason forgive the hypothesis!—that the Strawberry-Hill letters had been entrusted to a Dr. Wordsworth of that day, and burned after he had culled from them materials for his ponderous octavos! How infinitely less should we have known of Horace Walpole and his toy-shop! What fearful chances that the heavy ecclesiastic would have rejected George

Selwyn's wit as frivolous, and carefully embalmed, for the edification of posterity, worthy Mr. Cole's antiquarian speculations! Or, on the other hand, who would not gladly exchange Johnson's stately sentences and well-balanced antitheses on the Life of Milton, for half-a-dozen familiar letters, fresh from the pastural solitudes of Horton or Forest Hill, or nervous with strong Puritan life, from the Secretary's office at Whitehall? So that it plainly appears that, in the case of English biographers as of Augustan poets, neither gods nor booksellers tolerate mediocrity; that if a biography be not a perfect work of art, we prefer dispensing with the art altogether; that if our biographer be not a skilful painter, we choose to take his tools and his opportunities into our own hands, and execute the picture ourselves. And we venture to predict, in the present case, that few admirers of the Poet Laureate will extend their admiration to the work of the nephew. The valuable portion of the book is not his own, and he shares the merit of it therefore with the printer.

It was unfortunate for Southey, it is still more unfortunate for Wordsworth, that his Life is written by a clergyman of the Establishment. We say nothing of the dulness naturally attaching to the idea of an ecclesiastical dignitary, though there appear to be gradations even in this, and the canon's book is far heavier than the curate's. But poetry and even poetical biography ought to be catholic; and there are many minds who will feel a repugnance to a view of Wordsworth's Works and Life from an Anglican point of sight. A zealous defender of the Establishment he undoubtedly was, especially in his latter days; at every period of his life theoretically within her fold; at one time dedicating his inspiration to her history. Yet is there probably no poet so unquestionably religious as Wordsworth, whose devout Theism is so little overlaid with the incrustation of orthodoxy. We recollect, indeed, reading a critique on the Excursion, in which it was objected that it put too prominently forward the Religion of Nature, to the total exclusion of Revelation. We apprehend, indeed, that Mr. Wordsworth, an eminently good and devout man, centred his soul wholly on the duties of practical religion, and looked on the Church of England chiefly with a poetical eye. And poetry finds in doctrine a very impracticable material. The simple village churches of Westmoreland—the patriarchal character so admirably sustained by many a pastor, so affectionately recognized by many a flock—the homely piety and cordial unity of the parish undisturbed by the fanaticism or the divisions of Dissent—the touching solemnity of traditionary usages observed in the same church by generation after generation—and in a wider field the spiritual triumphs and temporal reverses of the Church of England—the courage, the steadfastness, the piety, the learning, which unquestionably adorn her history—these are the subjects which warmed the poet's imagination and dictated his verse. And in that verse, so far removed from any self-glorification of a sect, every catholic-minded Christian can delight.

There are, however, circumstances connected with the poet's life which render the ecclesiastical tone of this book peculiarly unpleasant. The years of Wordsworth's youth were years of ferment. The French Revolution had cast its spell both over him and his early associates. The genius of the rising generation manifested itself in eccentric guise,—

Pantisocratic schemes, or at least republican sympathies. Freedom of political thought was accompanied in some minds by laxity of religious belief, and the meditated reform extended to Church as well as State. That Mr. Wordsworth sympathized with the ultra-reformers of the day, he confesses in "The Prelude." His soul "exulted when Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown;" his imagination "fed on the day of vengeance yet to come." That he was no strenuous upholder of the Establishment, we may judge from his refusal to take orders and the experiences of Cambridge, put on record in the same poem, and deliberately left by the poet for posthumous publication,—experiences the effects of which the biographer somewhat disingenuously attempts to shew were negatived by the circumstances of later life. Even Canon Wordsworth himself allows that in youth "His mind was whirled round and round in a vortex of doubt, and appeared to be almost on the point of sinking in a gulf of despair.....His religious opinions were not very clearly defined. He had too high an opinion of the sufficiency of the human will, and too sanguine a hope of unlimited benefits to be conferred on society by the human intellect. Having an inadequate perception of the necessity of divine grace, he placed his hopes where they could not stand; and did not place them where, if placed, they could not fall. He....did not look for peace where alone it could be found. Hence his mind was ill at ease." (I. 89.) In another place, the biographer apologizes for the theological tendency of "some portions" of the beautiful "Lines on re-visiting Tintern Abbey," on the ground that they "might be perverted to serve the purposes of a popular and pantheistic philosophy." (I. 118.) Southey and Coleridge, then, began in Unitarianism; Wordsworth at least in theological self-reliance; all ended in ardent Anglicanism. All had formed republican hopes and schemes; who, in latter days, so steadfast against Catholic Emancipation, so ludicrously apprehensive of Parliamentary Reform, so clamorous against University changes? Such transformations in such minds form a series of most remarkable psychological phenomena. No biography or biographical sketch which we have yet seen, has apprehended the real point of interest and difficulty. It is scarcely necessary to add, that a writer who, like Dr. Wordsworth, imputes to his uncle, without and in the face of evidence, his own ecclesiastical prejudices, and whose principal idea about Dissent and Democracy seems to be that a Dissenter and a Democrat must needs write a bald and jejune style (I. 127), contributes absolutely nothing to the solution of this remarkable problem.

It would hardly interest our readers were we to occupy their time with a sketch of the poet's life. Its events, such as they are, may be comprised in a very few lines. Yet even these it has cost us no small labour to disentangle from the "confusion worse confounded" of Dr. Wordsworth's narrative. The obvious method of biography is chronological—from the cradle to the grave. Dr. Wordsworth certainly adopts this to some small extent: our poet is born in the first chapter of the first volume, and dies in the last of the second. But beyond this all is confusion—anticipation and retrospect; now a dozen continental tours jammed into one chapter; now a particular thread of narrative pursued to its end, and then the whole retraced, to start afresh. Of how much repetition this is the cause, may easily be imagined, or what difficulties, in the absence of any effectual index, it

places in the way of convenient reference to the book. Such a biography as this, in which the order is not so much chronological as what our German cousins call "factual," is as bad as those new-fashioned Dictionaries which have abandoned the good old ways of A, B, C, for the order or disorder of etymological vagaries. For all errors of statement, then, made by ourselves or any other critic, past, present or to come, let Dr. Wordsworth stand responsible.

William Wordsworth, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, April 7, 1770, and died at Rydal, in Westmoreland, April 23, 1850, having just completed his 80th year. The intervening period is almost without event, save the successive publications of his poems, and those domestic vicissitudes to which poet and peasant are alike liable. He was educated at Hawkshead Grammar-school, in Lancashire, and afterwards spent some time at Cambridge to very little purpose. A residence in France succeeded, during which he was inoculated with the political opinions to which we have already alluded. On his return he was almost penniless and without a profession, when, about to trust to the precarious support of literature, a legacy of £900 from a friend, Raisley Calvert, relieved him from his difficulties. On this slender pittance, some expectations of money from the Lonsdale family in repayment of a debt to his father, and £100 which belonged to his sister, William and Dorothy Wordsworth undauntedly started in life. They first lived at Racedown, in Dorsetshire; then, in order to be near Coleridge, at Alfoxden, in Somersetshire; afterwards spent a winter at Goslar, in the Hartz Mountains; and finally settled in the Lake district at Grasmere. To this home it was that, in 1802, he brought his wife, Mary Hutchinson; here that his children were born; here that three of them lie buried by his side. It was in 1813 that he removed to Rydal Mount, the house generally associated with his memory. His worldly circumstances were, in proportion to his wants, easy: few poets have been more the favourite of fortune. We have already mentioned Mr. Calvert's legacy; his small patrimony was at last realized, and exceeded in amount his expectations; he received handsome benefactions from Lord Lonsdale; he held the lucrative office of stamp distributor for the county, the duties of which were chiefly discharged by deputy; he inherited from Sir George Beaumont an annuity of £100, to defray the expenses of a yearly tour; and, lastly, was presented by Sir R. Peel with a pension of £300, and from the year 1843 enjoyed, in addition we presume, the Laureate's salary. We do not enumerate these things in any spirit of dissatisfaction. No man ever better deserved or better used a life's freedom from pecuniary anxiety. He was thus probably saved from the melancholy termination of literary activity which overtook the noble efforts of his friend and neighbour Robert Southey.

The above series of events does not form a promising theme for the biographer. Yet the biography fills two large octavo volumes. The rifacciamento consists of very various materials. Short memoranda of home and foreign tours, which, so far as appears upon the book, might as well have been made by John Doe or Richard Roe as by William Wordsworth. One long chapter attempts to revive, by quotation and panegyric, the poet's forgotten tract on the Convention of Cintra. It is not, we think, in a poet's life that the public will wish to study such

obsolete questions of our Peninsular policy, even though a partial biographer may be of opinion that "if Mr. Wordsworth had never written a single verse, this essay alone would be sufficient to place him in the highest rank of English poets." Another chapter is devoted to the Essay on Epitaphs, which is embodied in the notes to every edition of the Excursion with which we are acquainted.

Mr. Wordsworth's letters are neither numerous nor interesting. He was affected with a constitutional disinclination to writing—physical, as he persuaded himself—mental, as the reader will probably be of opinion. Even his poems were composed in the open air, and only committed to paper at the solicitation and by the help of his wife and sister. Letters, even of the utmost importance, remained unanswered for weeks. Sir George Beaumont makes him a present of a small estate near Keswick, and it is two months before he returns the slightest acknowledgment. And when the letters are written, they are not expressions of familiar thought or feeling, but elaborate expressions of opinion or disquisitions on taste. Many beautiful extracts from them might doubtless be produced; but, apart from the beginning and the end, there is nothing to distinguish them from the author's contributions to "The Friend." Witness the admirable letter addressed to C. J. Fox, and already printed in the C. R., Vol. IV. p. 715. The following extract will interest all who are acquainted either with the poem to which it refers, or with the general character of the controversy between Wordsworth and his critics.

"You begin what you say upon the 'Idiot Boy,' with this observation, that nothing is a fit subject for poetry which does not please. But here follows a question, Does not please whom? Some have little knowledge of natural imagery of any kind, and of course little relish for it; some are disgusted with the very mention of the words pastoral poetry, sheep or shepherds; some cannot tolerate a poem with a ghost or any supernatural agency in it; others would shrink from an animated description of the pleasures of love, as from a thing carnal and libidinous; some cannot bear to see delicate and refined feelings ascribed to men in low conditions in society, because their vanity and self-love tell them that these belong only to themselves, and men like themselves in dress, station and way of life; others are disgusted with the naked language of some of the most interesting passions of men, because either it is indelicate, or gross, or vulgar, as many fine ladies could not bear certain expressions in the 'Mother' and the 'Thorn;' and as in the instance of Adam Smith, who, we are told, could not endure the ballad of 'Clym of the Clough,' because the author had not written like a gentleman. Then there are professional and national prejudices for evermore. Some take no interest in the description of a particular passion or quality, as love of solitariness, we will say, genial activity of fancy, love of nature, religion and so forth, because they have [little or] nothing of it in themselves; and so on without end. I return then to the question, Please whom? or what? I answer, human nature as it has been and ever will be. But, where are we to find the best measure of this? I answer, from within; by stripping our own hearts naked, and by looking out of ourselves towards men who lead the simplest lives, and most according to nature; men who have never known false refinements, wayward and artificial desires, false criticisms, effeminate habits of thinking and feeling, or who, having known these things, have outgrown them. This latter class is the most to be depended upon, but it is very small in number. People in our rank of life are perpetually falling into one sad mistake, namely, that of supposing that human nature and the persons they associate with are one and the same thing. Whom do we generally associate with? Gentlemen, persons

of fortune, professional men, ladies, persons who can afford to buy or can easily procure books of half-a-guinea price, hot-pressed, and printed upon superfine paper. These persons are, it is true, a part of human nature, but we err lamentably if we suppose them to be fair representatives of the vast mass of human existence. And yet few ever consider books but with reference to their power of pleasing these persons and men of a higher rank; few descend lower, among cottages and fields, and among children. A man must have done this habitually before his judgment upon the 'Idiot Boy' would be in any way decisive with me. I *know* I have done this myself habitually; I wrote the poem with exceeding delight and pleasure, and whenever I read it, I read it with pleasure. You have given me praise for having reflected faithfully in my Poems the feelings of human nature. I would fain hope that I have done so. But a great Poet ought to do more than this; he ought, to a certain degree, to rectify men's feelings, to give them new compositions of feeling, to render their feelings more sane, pure and permanent, in short more consonant to nature, that is, to eternal nature, and the great moving spirit of things. He ought to travel before men occasionally as well as at their sides. I may illustrate this by a reference to natural objects. What false notions have prevailed from generation to generation of the true character of the Nightingale! As far as my Friend's Poem in the 'Lyrical Ballads' is read, it will contribute greatly to rectify these. You will recollect a passage in Cowper, where, speaking of rural sounds, he says,

'And *even* the boding Owl
That hails the rising moon has charms for me.'

Cowper was passionately fond of natural objects, yet you see he mentions it as a marvellous thing that he could connect pleasure with the cry of the owl. In the same poem he speaks in the same manner of that beautiful plant, the gorse; making in some degree an amiable boast of his loving it, 'unsightly' and unsmooth as it is. There are many aversions of this kind, which, though they have some foundation in nature, have yet so slight a one, that, though they may have prevailed hundreds of years, a philosopher will look upon them as accidents. So with respect to many moral feelings, either of love or dislike. What excessive admiration was paid in former times to personal prowess and military success; it is so with the latter even at the present day, but surely not nearly so much as heretofore. So with regard to birth and innumerable other modes of sentiment, civil and religious. But you will be inclined to ask by this time how all this applies to the 'Idiot Boy.' To this I can only say that the loathing and disgust which many people have at the sight of an idiot, is a feeling which, though having some foundation in human nature, is not necessarily attached to it in any virtuous degree, but is owing in a great measure to a false delicacy, and, if I may say it without rudeness, a certain want of comprehensiveness of thinking and feeling. Persons in the lower classes of society have little or nothing of this: if an idiot is born in a poor man's house, it must be taken care of, and cannot be boarded out, as it would be by gentlefolks, or sent to a public or private receptacle for such unfortunate beings. Poor people seeing frequently among their neighbours such objects, easily forget whatever there is of natural disgust about them, and have therefore a sane state, so that without pain or suffering they perform their duties towards them. I could with pleasure pursue this subject, but I must now strictly adopt the plan which I proposed to myself when I began to write this letter, namely, that of setting down a few hints or memorandums, which you will think of for my sake.

"I have often applied to idiots, in my own mind, that sublime expression of scripture, that '*their life is hidden with God.*' They are worshiped, probably from a feeling of this sort, in several parts of the East. Among the Alps, where they are numerous, they are considered, I believe, as a blessing to the family to which they belong. I have, indeed, often looked upon the conduct of fathers and mothers of the lower classes of society towards idiots,

as the great triumph of the human heart. It is there that we see the strength, disinterestedness and grandeur of love; nor have I ever been able to contemplate an object that calls out so many excellent and virtuous sentiments without finding it hallowed thereby, and having something in me which bears down before it, like a deluge, every feeble sensation of disgust and aversion.

"There are, in my opinion, several important mistakes in the latter part of your letter which I could have wished to notice; but I find myself much fatigued. These refer both to the Boy and the Mother. I must content myself simply with observing that it is probable that the principal cause of your dislike to this particular poem lies in the *word* Idiot. If there had been any such word in our language, to *which we had attached passion*, as lack-wit, half-wit, witless, &c., I should have certainly employed it in preference; but there is no such word. Observe (this is entirely in reference to this particular poem) my 'Idiot' is not one of those who cannot articulate, and such as are usually disgusting in their persons:

'Whether in cunning or in joy,
And then his words were not a few,' &c.

and the last speech at the end of the poem. The 'Boy' whom I had in my mind was by no means disgusting in his appearance; quite the contrary; and I have known several with imperfect faculties who are handsome in their persons and features. There is one, at present, within a mile of my own house, remarkably so, though he has something of a stare and vacancy in his countenance. A friend of mine, knowing that some persons had a dislike to the poem, such as you have expressed, advised me to add a stanza, describing the person of the boy, so as entirely to separate him in the imaginations of my readers from that class of idiots who are disgusting in their persons; but the narration in the poem is so rapid and impassioned, that I could not find a place in which to insert the stanza without checking the progress of it, and so leaving a deadness upon the feeling. This poem has, I know, frequently produced the same effect as it did upon you and your friends; but there are many also to whom it affords exquisite delight, and who, indeed, prefer it to any other of my poems. This proves that the feelings there delineated are such as men *may* sympathize with. This is enough for my purpose. It is not enough for me, as a Poet, to delineate merely such feelings as all men *do* sympathise with; but it is also highly desirable to add to these others, such as all men *may* sympathise with, and such as there is reason to believe they would be better and more moral beings if they did sympathise with."—I. 194—199.

The real interest of the book lies in its autobiographical portions. These are of two kinds: first, a short and somewhat bare outline of his own life, which nevertheless contains almost every fact of importance in the numerous pages which follow; and, secondly, a series of reminiscences as to the time when, and the circumstances under which, his various poems were composed, both dictated a year or two before his death. The following extract will illustrate as well as any other the value of the autobiographical chapter, besides containing all that is known of the poet's childhood.

"I was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law, as lawyers of this class were then called, and law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. My mother was Anne, only daughter of William Cookson, mercer, of Penrith, and of Dorothy, born Crackanthorpe, of the ancient family of that name, who from the times of Edward the Third had lived in Newbiggen Hall, Westmoreland. My grandfather was the first of the name of Wordsworth who came into Westmoreland, where he purchased the small estate of Sockbridge. He was descended from a family who had been settled at Peniston, in Yorkshire,

near the sources of the Don, probably before the Norman Conquest. Their names appear on different occasions in all the transactions, personal and public, connected with that parish; and I possess, through the kindness of Col. Beaumont, an almery made in 1525, at the expense of a William Wordsworth, as is expressed in a Latin inscription carved upon it, which carries the pedigree of the family back four generations from himself.

"The time of my infancy and early boyhood was passed partly at Cockermouth, and partly with my mother's parents at Penrith, where my mother, in the year 1778, died of a decline, brought on by a cold, the consequence of being put, at a friend's house in London, in what used to be called 'a best bedroom.' My father never recovered his usual cheerfulness of mind after this loss, and died when I was in my fourteenth year, a school-boy, just returned from Hawkshead, whither I had been sent with my elder brother, Richard, in my ninth year.

"I remember my mother only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter. I remember also telling her on one week-day that I had been at church, for our school stood in the churchyard, and we had frequent opportunities of seeing what was going on there. The occasion was, a woman doing penance in the church in a white sheet. My mother commended my having been present, expressing a hope that I should remember the circumstance for the rest of my life. 'But,' said I, 'mama, they did not give me a penny, as I had been told they would.' 'Oh!' said she, recanting her praises, 'if that was your motive, you were very properly disappointed.'

"My last impression was having a glimpse of her on passing the door of her bedroom during her last illness, when she was reclining in her easy chair. An intimate friend of hers, Miss Hamilton by name, who was used to visit her at Cockermouth, told me that she once said to her, that the only one of her five children about whose future life she was anxious, was William; and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil. The cause of this was, that I was of a stiff, moody and violent temper; so much so that I remember going once into the attics of my grandfather's house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the foil in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, while I was at my grandfather's house at Penrith, along with my eldest brother, Richard, we were whipping tops together in the large drawing-room, on which the carpet was only laid down upon particular occasions. The walls were hung round with family pictures, and I said to my brother, 'Dare you strike your whip through that old lady's petticoat?' He replied, 'No, I won't.' 'Then,' said I, 'here goes;' and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat, for which no doubt, though I have forgotten it, I was properly punished. But possibly, from some want of judgment in punishments inflicted, I had become perverse and obstinate in defying chastisement, and rather proud of it than otherwise.

"Of my earliest days at school I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty, then and in the vacations, to read whatever books I liked. For example, I read all Fielding's works, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and any part of Swift that I liked; Gulliver's Travels, and the Tale of the Tub, being both much to my taste. I was very much indebted to one of the ushers of Hawkshead School, by name Shaw, who taught me more of Latin in a fortnight than I had learnt during two preceding years at the school of Cockermouth. Unfortunately for me, this excellent master left our school, and went to Stafford, where he taught for many years. It may be perhaps as well to mention, that the first verses which I wrote were a task imposed by my master; the subject, 'The Summer Vacation;' and of my own accord I added others upon 'Return to School.' There was nothing remarkable in either poem; but I was called upon, among other scholars, to write verses

upon the completion of the second centenary from the foundation of the school in 1585, by Archbishop Sandys. These verses were much admired, far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style. This exercise, however, put it into my head to compose verses from the impulse of my own mind, and I wrote, while yet a schoolboy, a long poem running upon my own adventures, and the scenery of the country in which I was brought up. The only part of that poem which has been preserved is the conclusion of it, which stands at the beginning of my collected Poems."—I. 7—13.

The poetical reminiscences are of a very different order of merit. If collected into a small volume, or incorporated into some future edition of his works, they would not only be the most interesting of commentaries, but a commentary perfectly sui generis. And a record of the circumstances under which Wordsworth's poems were composed is the true history of his life. Poetry is some men's recreation amid the toils, or their refuge from the anxieties of life; it was his good fortune to be able to make it the sole object of his existence. His mind seems never to have been disturbed by a doubt of his true vocation. It was no ordinary self-reliance which enabled him and his sister to devote themselves to literature in its least lucrative form, on the interest of £1000. Nor was this the energy of temporary courage. To bear on in the same steady course through years of neglect, ridicule and disappointment, required no little of quiet persistence also. Yet the hills of Westmoreland seemed to ward off from their votary all thunder of the northern critics, or at least to render their bolts innoxious. If the poet read their lucubrations, he heeded them not; strenuously defended and illustrated his own poetical opinions, and continued to present an indifferent public with volume after volume. And now that time seems to have proved that such self-confidence was the result, not of blind conceit, but the clear insight of genius, the world is interested to know how did this man work? Were his inspirations from without or within? Were his poems produced by the study lamp or at the lake side? Did they rush to light with prophetic vehemence, or were they polished into beauty by the slow labour of the file? To all these we are fortunately able to give a distinct answer.

There are many passages in these reminiscences which prove that Mr. Wordsworth's ballads, a species of composition in which all childhood will allow that he excelled, were most of them idealized accounts of actual occurrences. Witness the following history of "We are Seven." Mr. Wordsworth has connected with it some interesting particulars as to his share in "The Ancient Mariner."

"In reference to this poem, I will here mention one of the most noticeable facts in my own poetic history, and that of Mr. Coleridge. In the autumn of 1797, he, my sister and myself, started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton and the valley of stones near to it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the 'New Monthly Magazine,' set up by Phillips, the bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off, and proceeded, along the Quantock Hills, towards Watchet; and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner,' founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the

spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's Voyages, a day or two before, that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose, and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous after-thought. We began the composition together on that to me memorable evening: I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular—

'And listened like a three years' child;
The Mariner had his will.'

"These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as they well might. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could have been only a clog. We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant, and some of them droll enough recollections. We returned by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The 'Ancient Mariner' grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds; and we began to think of a volume which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium. Accordingly I wrote *The Idiot Boy*, *Her Eyes are wild*, &c., and *We are Seven*, *The Thorn*, and some others. To return to *We are Seven*, the piece that called forth this note. I composed it while walking in the grove at Alfoxden. My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate, that while walking to and fro I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was all but finished, I came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my sister, and said, 'A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task was finished.' I mentioned in substance what I wished to be expressed, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus:

'A little child, dear brother Jem.'

"I objected to the rhyme, 'dear brother Jem,' as being ludicrous; but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching in our friend James Tobin's name, who was familiarly called Jem. He was the brother of the dramatist. The said Jem got a sight of the 'Lyrical Ballads' as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, 'Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous.' I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece which he alluded to. He said, 'It is called *We are Seven*.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that shall take its chance, however;' and he left me in despair. I have only to add, that in the spring of 1841, I visited Goderich Castle, not having seen that part of the Wye since I met the little girl there in 1793. It would have given me greater pleasure to have found in the neighbouring hamlet traces of one who had interested me so much, but that was impossible, as, unfortunately, I did not even know her name. The ruin, from its position

and features, is a most impressive object. I could not but deeply regret that its solemnity was impaired by a fantastic new castle, set up on a projection of the same ridge, as if to shew how far modern art can go in surpassing all that could be done by antiquity and nature with their united graces, remembrances, and associations."—I. 107—110.

The following entries in his sister's journal prove that he sometimes saw with other eyes than his own:

"Feb. 16. Mr. Graham called; said he wished William had been with him the other day. He was riding in a post-chaise; heard a strange cry; called to the chaise-driver to stop. It was a little girl crying as if her heart would burst. She had got up behind the chaise, and her cloak had been caught by the wheel; she was crying after it. Mr. G. took her into the chaise, and the cloak was released, but it was torn to rags. It had been a miserable cloak before; but she had no other, and this was the greatest sorrow that could befal her. Her name was *Alice Fell.* At the next town Mr. G. left money to buy her a new cloak."—I. 178, 179.

"*Alice Fell.* Written 1802, to gratify Mr. Graham, of Glasgow, brother of the author of 'The Sabbath.' He was a zealous coadjutor of Mr. Clarkson, and a man of ardent humanity. The incident had happened to himself, and he urged me to put it into verse for humanity's sake. The humbleness, meanness, if you like, of the subject, together with the homely mode of treating it, brought upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics, so that in policy I excluded it from many editions of my Poems, till it was restored at the request of some of my friends, in particular my son-in-law, Edward Quillinan."—I. 188.

"*Saturday.* W. wrote the poem of the *Beggar Woman,* taken from a woman whom I had seen nearly two years ago, when he was absent at Gallow Hill, and had thus described: 'On Tuesday, May 27th, a very tall woman called at the door; she had on a very long brown cloak, and a very white cap without bonnet; she led a little bare-footed child about two years old by the hand, and said her husband was gone before with the other children. I gave her a piece of bread. Afterwards, on my road to Ambleside, beside the bridge at Rydal, I saw her husband sitting by the road-side, his two asses standing beside him, and the two young children at play upon the grass. The man did not beg. I passed on; and about a quarter of a mile further, I saw two boys before me, one about ten, the other about eight years old, at play, chasing a butterfly. They were wild figures; the hat of the elder was wreathed round with yellow flowers; the younger, whose hat was only a rimless crown, had stuck it round with laurel-leaves. They continued at play till I drew very near, and then they addressed me with the begging cant and the whining voice of sorrow. I said, 'I served your mother this morning' (the boys were so like the woman who had called at our door that I could not be mistaken). 'O,' says the elder, 'you could not serve my mother, for she's dead, and my father's on at the next town; he's a potter.' I persisted in my assertion, and that I would give them nothing. Says the elder, 'Come, let's away,' and away they flew like lightning. They had, however, sauntered so long in their road that they did not reach Ambleside before me, and I saw them go up to Matthew Harrison's house with their wallet upon the elder's shoulder, and creeping with a beggar's complaining foot. On my return from Ambleside, I met in the street the mother driving her asses, in the two panniers or one of which were the two little children, whom she was chiding and threatening with a wand, which she used to drive on her asses, while the little things hung in wantonness over the pannier's edge. The woman had told me in the morning that she was of Scotland, which her accent fully proved, and that she had lived, I think, at Wigtown; that they could not keep a house, and so they travelled." I. 179, 180.

Many a child who has repeated "The Pet Lamb" will rejoice to hear that Barbara Lewthwaite was or is a real personage; although the older

reader may wonder that Mr. Wordsworth was not at the trouble to invent a more euphonious appellation.

"Barbara Lewthwaite, now residing at Ambleside (1843), though much changed as to beauty, was one of two most lovely sisters. Almost the first words my poor brother John said, when he visited us at Grasmere, were, 'Were those two angels that I have just seen?' and from his description I have no doubt they were those two sisters. The mother died in child-bed; and one of our neighbours at Grasmere told me that the loveliest sight that she had ever seen was that mother as she lay in her coffin with her dead babe in her arm. I mention this to notice what I cannot but think a salutary custom once universal in these vales; every attendant on a funeral made it a duty to look at the corpse in the coffin before the lid was closed, which was never done (nor I believe is now) till a minute or two before the corpse is removed. Barbara Lewthwaite was not in fact the child whom I had seen and overheard as engaged in the poem. I chose the name for reasons implied in the above, and will here add a caution against the use of names of living persons. Within a few months after the publication of this poem, I was much surprised and more hurt to find it in a child's school-book, which, having been compiled by Lindley Murray, had come into use at Grasmere school, where Barbara was a pupil. And, alas! I had the mortification of hearing that she was very vain of being thus distinguished; and in after-life she used to say that she remembered the incident, and what I said to her upon the occasion."—I. 163, 164.

He repeatedly mentions the origin of detached images in personal observation. He seems, while abroad, to have noted them for future use, and then to have drawn upon the stock thus laid up when occasion required.

"*An Evening Walk.* The young lady to whom this was addressed was my sister. It was composed at school and during my first two college vacations. There is not an image in it which I have not observed; and now, in my 73rd year, I recollect the time and place where most of them were noticed. I will confine myself to one instance:

> 'Waving his hat, the shepherd from the vale
> Directs his wandering dog the cliffs to scale;
> The dog loud barking, mid the glittering rocks,
> Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted flocks.'

I was an eye-witness of this for the first time while crossing the pass of Dunmail Raise. Upon second thought, I will mention another image:

> 'And fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
> Its darkening boughs and leaves in stronger lines.'

This is feebly and imperfectly expressed, but I recollect distinctly the very spot where this first struck me. It was on the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances, which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above fourteen years of age. The description of the swans that follows, was taken from the daily opportunities I had of observing their habits, not as confined to the gentleman's park, but in a state of nature. There were two pairs of them that divided the Lake of Esthwaite and its in and out flowing streams between them, never trespassing a single yard upon each other's separate domain. They were of the old magnificent species, bearing in beauty and majesty about the same relation to the Thames swan which that does to a goose. It was from the remembrance of these noble creatures I took, thirty years after, the picture of the swan which I have discarded from the poem of 'Dion.' While I was a schoolboy, the late Mr. Curwen introduced a little

fleet of these birds, but of the inferior species, to the Lake of Windermere. Their principal home was about his own islands; but they sailed about into remote parts of the lake, and, either from real or imagined injury done to the adjoining fields, they were got rid of, at the request of the farmers and proprietors, but to the great regret of all who had become attached to them from noticing their beauty and quiet habits. I will conclude my notice of this poem by observing that the plan of it has not been confined to a particular walk or an individual place,—a proof (of which I was unconscious at the time) of my unwillingness to submit the poetic spirit to the chains of fact and real circumstance. The country is idealised rather than described in any one of its local aspects."—I. 67—69.

"*The Thorn.* Alfoxden, 1798. Arose out of my observing on the ridge of Quantock Hill, on a stormy day, a Thorn, which I had often passed in calm and bright weather without noticing it. I said to myself, Cannot I by some invention do as much to make this Thorn prominently an impressive object, as the storm has made it to my eyes at this moment? I began the poem accordingly, and composed it with great rapidity. Sir George Beaumont painted a picture from it, which Wilkie thought his best. He gave it to me; though, when he saw it several times at Rydal Mount afterwards, he said, 'I could make a better, and would like to paint the same subject over again.' The sky in this picture is nobly done, but it reminds me too much of Wilson. The only fault, however, of any consequence, is the female figure, which is too old and decrepit for one likely to frequent an eminence on such a call."—I. 110, 111.

The following passage forms a part of some highly interesting notes on the Excursion. We may mention that nearly all the pastoral tales told by the pastor in the seventh book, often so highly admired for their simple pathos, are incidents of real life.

"Had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of what is called a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my 'Wanderer' passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances.

"Nevertheless, much of what he says and does had an external existence, that fell under my own youthful and subsequent observation.

"An individual, named Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman, followed this humble occupation for many years, and afterwards settled in the town of Kendal. He married a kinswoman of my wife, and her sister Sarah spent part of her childhood under this good man's eye. My own imaginations I was happy to find clothed in reality, and fresh ones suggested by what she reported of this man's tenderness of heart, his strong and pure imagination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious, whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead also, while I was a schoolboy, there occasionally resided a packman (the name then generally given to this calling), with whom I had frequent conversations upon what had befallen him, and what he had observed during his wandering life, and, as was natural, we took much to each other; and upon the subject of his occupation in general, as *then* followed, and its favourableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in the 'Excursion,' and a note attached to it.

"Now for the *Solitary*. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, for what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman, a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect, as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been shattered

in fortune, and not happy in mind. Of his former position I availed myself to connect with the 'Wanderer' also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may now say, a Mr. Fawcett, a preacher at a Dissenting meeting-house at the Old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation, through my connexion with Mr. Nicholson, of Cateaton Street, who, at a time when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite us to dine with him on Sundays; and I took that opportunity (Mr. N. being a Dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on War, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted; and like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described, and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death. Of him I need say no more. There were many like him at that time, which the world will never be without, but which were more numerous then, for reasons too obvious to be dwelt upon." II. 33—35.

His remarks on the magnificent "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Early Childhood," perhaps the highest effort of his genius, are very characteristic and curious:

"This was composed during my residence at Town-end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader, the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or *experiences* of my own mind, on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere,

'A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?'

But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost to persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recal myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines, 'Obstinate questionings,' &c. To that dreamlike vividness and splendour which invest objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion, which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our

instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favour. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations, and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the 'Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorising me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet." I. 190, 191.

For the sake of such passages as these, the lover of Wordsworth's poetry will wade through even Dr. Wordsworth's ponderous octavos. To them only can we venture to recommend the book.

There are many questions of great interest connected with the name of Wordsworth which we shall not now attempt to discuss. The Prelude—after all, the poet's true biography—might have afforded us opportunity for extract, had it not lately been so fully treated in these pages. Did space permit, there were much to say on the peculiar characteristics of Wordsworth's genius, and the singular place filled by his poetry in the literary history of our century. We may some day, if editor and reader be alike propitious, resume the theme. Our present task has been to report on the Biography of the poet. We regret that in this case, too, a very imperfect book, produced in haste, precludes the remoter possibility of a better.

C.

MR. HEINFETTER'S TRANSLATIONS.

We have received a long letter from Mr. Hermann Heinfetter, complaining of the notice in our pages of his Translations of St. Paul's Epistles. An extract or two, sufficient to enable our readers to judge of the tenor of the whole, we subjoin, and add a few comments.

Mr. H. commences as follows:

"Circumstances having prevented my seeing your number for January till a few days since, I was not aware that it contained a Criticism of one of my Translations, *which having read*, *appears* to me to call for a few words, in order to make the Truth apparent in relation thereto."

The italics are ours. Our readers will not, we think, be much surprised that we declined to recognize as a master, much less as a reformer, of the art of interpretation, one who was capable of writing the above and fancying it was English.

He proceeds, in a style similarly lucid, to impugn our objections to his Translation. He thinks we ought not to have founded our unfavourable judgment on a few separate verses, without reference to his Principles of Translation.

To this we reply, that not being able to understand Principles which were neither recommended by arguments nor supported by examples, we were driven to judge them by their fruits; and for the fairness of this mode we think we have high authority.

At length he arrives at our remarks on his rendering of 1 Thess. iv. 15. As these seem to him especially unjust, we shall in fairness allow him to state his own reply to them; and we do it the more readily, as what he says not only throws a little light upon his mysterious "Principles," but will, we are inclined to think, serve at the same time as a justification of any slightly disparaging remarks we may ourselves have made on his fitness for the office of an interpreter.

After quoting at length our obnoxious criticism, he thus proceeds to defend himself:

"One of the classes of significations of φθάνω given by Donnegan, an authority I am obliged by my Principles of Translation to acknowledge, is, To be beforehand with—To prevent—To defer—To put off—*They should not have been beforehand with—deferred—or put off*, appears to me, to convey the same sense in this connection, as, *They should not have prevented*, in the sense of *Hindered;* and if so, I was bound by my Principles of Translation, to select *Prevent*, it having been selected by the Received Translators, I care not in what sense; but for this consideration I should equally as soon Translate the verse, *They should not have deferred those that were asleep at his coming from participating in the blessings that he brought;* and even should it be preferred to take another class of signification of φθάνω, namely, *To anticipate*, it suits the Context equally well, *They should not have anticipated those that were asleep at his coming in participating in the blessings that he brought;* but the explanation of the sense of this is not to me equally clear."

Without quoting further, it is certainly plain from the above that for the bad translation of the verse in question, Mr. Heinfetter thinks himself very little, if at all, to blame. That his version is the true one he by no means asserts. There were several others which he would have given "equally as soon," but he could not help himself. He had surrendered himself to an inexorable law. It was the "Principles" that did it. For, in the first place, they obliged him to acknowledge Donnegan's School Lexicon as an authority. They next so far blinded him, that he could not see any difference between "being beforehand with —deferring or putting off—and preventing, in the sense of Hindering." Bewildered by the contending claims of significations so difficult to distinguish, he was obliged to select the word used by the Received Translators; being by this time reduced, by the difficulties into which his "Principles of Translation" had led him, to so lamentable a state of reckless desperation, that he actually exclaims as he selects it, that "he cares not in what sense"!

Now, we dare say that no arguments of ours would convince Mr. Heinfetter that there is anything in all this that is not quite correct and proper. We will therefore only remark, that it is not now usual, except indeed among learners, to accept any Lexicon as an *authority* for meanings, further than they are substantiated by examples; and we venture to affirm that he found no example in which φθάνω bears the sense of "deferring or putting off." That it ever means "to prevent, in the sense of hindering," as he has rendered it, not even Donnegan pretends. Further, if in doubtful cases Mr. Heinfetter is obliged to fly to the authority of the Received Translators, we do not quite see how he can ask us to give the preference to his translation over theirs; especially as he so candidly confesses that he adopts their renderings

without even caring in what sense they used them; this being, we fancy, the thing of all others which it is the duty of an interpreter most diligently to care about and ascertain.

We submit that Mr. Heinfetter could not have more completely justified our unfavourable opinion, or proved his utter incapacity for translating anything, than he has done by his attempt at a defence.

NOTES ON THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

By Rev. William Turner, Jun.*

Chap. x. The tenth chapter introduces us to a new and momentous change in the progress of the Christian dispensation. Notwithstanding those obvious characteristics which adapt the gospel for a universal religion, applicable alike to the wants and circumstances of all mankind, —notwithstanding the repeated intimations of Him in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed, that his message was intended for all those who could take an interest in its promises and feel the want of that divine grace which it made known,—it had as yet been preached only to Jews by descent, and to those of Gentile extraction who had taken upon themselves the full burden of the ceremonial law. The door was now to be more widely opened, and Peter is sent to Cornelius,—one of that class who, without becoming Jews, had abandoned the idolatrous worship of heathen gods, and devoted themselves to the exclusive adoration of the one living and true God. This was an important step towards the complete and indiscriminate opening of the fold to all those whom it was finally destined to include; that great mystery of the gospel which, though intelligible enough in itself, was more strange and revolting to the Jews than even the notion of a suffering Messiah and a spiritual kingdom. Multitudes who had embraced the one, rejected the other. They apostatized and fell away when they found that even this new covenant, so widely different in its character from what they had fondly anticipated, they were required to share upon equal terms with the Gentiles. Henceforth it forms the grand topic of contention and controversy, especially between St. Paul and those Judaizing teachers who would fain have seduced the Gentiles from the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, into the bondage of the law.

2. Ευσεβης. Hence it appears that Cornelius was not at this time an idolatrous Gentile, but of the class sometimes called proselytes of the gate,—such as those Greeks who applied through Philip to see Jesus (John xii. 21), or the centurion whose servant our Lord healed (Matt. viii. 5). Perhaps from the writings of philosophers he may have been led to perceive the nothingness of heathen superstition, and consequently have abandoned the worship of false gods; while his intercourse with the Jews may have led him to that acquaintance with the perfections of the eternal and infinite Jehovah, which he might derive from the scriptures of the Old Testament.

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* Continued from p. 298.

4. What is it, *Sir?* The words are addressed not to God, but to the angel, and are an expression of deference and respect, not of religious worship. In the same manner, in the 14th verse, the term κυριε, as used by Peter, is merely a form of respectful address; though Dr. Priestley concludes from it that Peter knew the voice to be that of his Master. But surely, if he had had reasons for thinking so, he would have urged this unanswerable plea in his own vindication, when afterwards called upon to give an account of his conduct in admitting Gentiles to the privileges of the Christian church.

26. There is no reason for supposing that the *worship* offered by Cornelius was intended by him as anything more than a mark of very peculiar and profound respect, such as might be paid by one man to another, or that Peter imagined it to have any other character. Nevertheless, he objected to it; and with good reason, as scarcely becoming, however well intended, and perhaps as even trenching upon that especial veneration and homage which is due to God only. The only ground on which these extraordinary marks of deference could be justified, would be by referring them to the special commission and supernatural character with which the apostle, as he believed, was invested, and by considering them as directed in consequence, not to him in his capacity as a man, but to the official character which he was empowered to assume as a messenger of God. But even when understood with this limitation, it was right to put a check on that style of oriental homage bordering on servility; and it would perhaps be better if in their intercourse men were more careful to remember that the points in which they are all equal, are in themselves of much greater importance than any distinctions which can prevail among them in a political or even in a moral and intellectual character. "I myself also am a man," that is, of no superior order of beings, but liable to all the frailties and infirmities of human nature. He uses the term man with reference to the many considerations which may teach those who apply it to themselves not to be wise in their own conceits, but to cultivate humility and meekness. On the other hand, in protesting against the servility of manner, if not of character and conduct, which is often contracted by the common modes of intercouse with those who are looked up to as superiors, on account either of adventitious distinctions of rank and station, or the important qualities of wisdom and virtue, we might vary the words thus, "Stand up, thou thyself also art a man,"—Remember that thou also hast been created in the image of God; and be not too prone to abase thyself and vilify thy Maker's gifts in thy person, by adopting towards a fellow-creature a grovelling, degrading style, which no man should condescend to use.

36. This passage is very obscure, and I cannot satisfy myself with any translation of it. If we are allowed, with Wakefield and some other undoubted scholars (though upon what authority I own I do not understand), to give τον λογον the force of the nominative case, it may run thus,—"The word which he sent to the children of Israel, preaching the glad tidings of peace through Jesus Christ, is the Lord or director of all; i.e. was granted not for the guidance and encouragement of Jews only, but of all mankind." In this case, perhaps Mr. Upham's exposition may be the most plausible. Λογος he considers as employed in this place to denote the appointed medium or bearer of God's will,

according to a frequent use of the corresponding term in the Old Testament; in the present instance denoting of course Jesus Christ. "As for the word which God has now sent in the person of Jesus Christ to the children of Israel with a message of peace, it is surely the most exalted word which has ever been sent, and is intended to be the source of authority, of instruction and of precept to all men, Gentiles as well as Jews" (Upham on the Logos, p. 178). Might it not be translated thus, by transferring ὑμεις οιδατε from the following verse: "The word which God hath sent to the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all), *ye know;*" namely, the wonderful event which has happened throughout Judea, beginning from Galilee, after the preaching of John, &c.

38. Jesus of Nazareth, whom God anointed with a holy spirit and power,—or, with a holy and powerful spirit,—διαβολου; and *healing* all such as were oppressed by the devil. Here the mental and bodily afflictions which our Lord relieved by the exercise of his miraculous power, are spoken of generally under this designation of oppression by, or subjection to, the influence of an evil spirit or principle. It is probably a form of speech derived from the prevalence in those times of the notion of a malignant being acting in opposition to the benevolent Author of the universe, and the immediate source of all the misery which we deserve. But that it is *merely* a form of speech, when used in the manner in which it is here introduced by St. Peter, is rendered probable when we consider that the same general term *healing* is employed to express the benevolent agency of our Lord in curing all those who came to him labouring under any kind of affliction or distemper.

It is worthy of remark, that this speech of Peter to Cornelius and his friends furnishes a decisive answer to a plea which was set up by some of the fathers to account for the absence of Trinitarianism in the early discourses of the apostles. The prejudices, it is said, of the Jews were so strong, that it was necessary for the apostles to use great caution in broaching this, the profoundest mystery of their religion, lest their hearers should take irrecoverable offence at a doctrine which at least apparently contradicted their favourite principles of the absolute unity of the Divine nature. But *here* is an audience of *Gentiles*, whose prejudices, if they had any, would be all the other way, in favour of gods many and lords many. To hold up Jesus, therefore, either as a subordinate god (an idea with which they were familiar), or as a manifestation of the Supreme God himself in a human shape (which was equally consistent with the notions instilled by their mythology), would to them have been a recommendation of the Christian doctrine rather than otherwise, and instead of being a stumbling-block, would have served to facilitate its reception. Why, then, do we hear nothing of it? Why, on the contrary, is Peter's first exposition of the characteristic principles of the Christian system to these Gentiles, as completely devoid of what are now commonly called the *peculiar doctrines* of the gospel, as any of his addresses to his own countrymen?

It is observable, too, that there is an equal absence, in the report here given of what passed on this most important occasion, of all reference to what is often represented as the distinguishing character of the gospel dispensation of grace. It is true, the apostle speaks of a remission of sins as made known to all those who believed in Christ;

but he merely mentions it as a part of the message which he was empowered to communicate, as it now appeared equally to all classes and nations of men; without hinting at any supposed efficacy of Christ's death as a propitiation or satisfaction offered for these sins to Divine justice or *vengeance*, notwithstanding that he had just been speaking of the fact of his death. But he speaks of it merely as an act of lawless violence and wickedness on the part of the Jews, and as having been overruled by the wise counsels of God, so as to furnish the means of more effectually authenticating the mission of Christ, establishing the validity of his claims to the character he assumed, and, above all, by preparing the way for his resurrection, exemplifying the conquest he had achieved over death and the grave, and affording to all those who should be informed of this most interesting event by the testimony of competent witnesses in whose presence it took place, the fullest and most satisfactory evidence of a future life destined for men beyond the grave. Surely, if there was any reason to suppose that the Gentiles would be at a loss to reconcile the idea of a gratuitous pardon on condition of repentance and amendment of life with their natural notions of equity and abstract justice, now was the time for the apostle to relieve their apprehensions by a detailed account of God's method of salvation, and the ingenious expedient which had been adopted for satisfying at once the apparently conflicting claims of these divine attributes. But there is not the least indication of such an idea having ever entered either into his mind or theirs. On the contrary, we should be led to suppose that the prayers and alms of an unregenerate heathen might ascend before God and be received as an acceptable offering by Him who is no respecter of persons.

43. *οἱ προφηται.* The connection seems to indicate, not the prophets of the Old Testament, but the apostles and other preachers of the gospel in the then present time; and the grammatical form encourages the supposition. Whatever opinion we may adopt respecting the real or supposed witness of *some* of the old prophets to the Messiah, it can hardly be alleged by any, that they have *all* predicted his advent and character. And this is not the subject on which the apostle is here speaking; what he refers to is the testimony borne to him by those who had gone about declaring his resurrection (of which they had been eye-witnesses), and asserting his claims to the character he assumed as the expected Messiah of the Jews. Peter refers to their *united* testimony in this place, apparently to shew that their preaching authorized his procedure on the present occasion; since they united in representing faith in Christ to be necessary, but sufficient, for the remission of sins.

46. "They heard them speaking with tongues, and praising God." *Neander*, in his History of the planting of the Christian Church, argues from the connection of these expressions, that the former denotes, not the sudden exercise of a miraculous power of speaking in unknown tongues, as is generally supposed, but what we may fairly call the *natural* influence of the spirit of the gospel with which they were now imbued. They spoke in the new language of hearts glowing for the first time with Christian sentiments and feelings. It seems, he thinks, much more probable that they would express in this manner the emotions which naturally arose in their minds on such an interesting and

impressive occasion, than that they should be impelled in a supernatural way to use expressions which had no reference to the important change which had just taken place in the state of their feelings. This is plausible; though it may be replied, perhaps, that it was necessary on this remarkable occasion of the first introduction of heathens into the Christian church, that it should be accompanied by circumstances which would impress Peter and the other Jewish Christians present with the conviction of their fitness to be admitted to baptism. He dwells upon it accordingly in his vindication at Jerusalem, as recorded in the next chapter; in which it is evident that what took place in respect of these new converts, whatever it was, must have been of the same nature as what is called the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. If the one was supernatural, so was the other. And it seems quite evident that nothing short of this would have satisfied these disciples, "all zealous for the law," that Peter had not exceeded his commission in admitting Gentiles, however devout and free from idolatry, to the unrestricted privileges of the Christian church.

ADVERTISING FOR MINISTERS.

[The important remarks which follow are from the pen of a highly-valued contributor. By inserting them we know that we shall give utterance to the feelings of many besides the writer, who have viewed with regret the recent practice in this matter of some of our churches. In confirmation of the opinion of the "Unitarian Minister," we may state that we have in more than one instance prevented by a timely remonstrance the appearance in our Magazine of an advertisement for a Minister, representing it as inexpedient for the congregation, and dishonouring to the Minister whom they seek.—Ed. C. R.]

Sir,

I beg leave, through the medium of your pages, to invoke the deliberate and serious thought of our congregations, and their acting officers especially, upon the subject above hinted.

In common with *all* those of my brethren and fathers in the ministry with whom I have communicated on the subject (and they are many), I have been deeply grieved to notice the increasing disposition of Unitarian congregations to adopt the plan of advertising for candidates when their pulpits are about to become vacant.

If, as is probable, this custom is growing through the mere infection of custom, and without a clear perception, on the part of our congregations, of the fact that it is highly distasteful to their ministers in general, the simple expression of this feeling by a few ministers of character and position among us, would at once suffice to check its further prevalence. And, with this conviction, I was desirous, on first approaching the subject, of obtaining the collective signatures of the leading ministers of my own neighbourhood to a respectful protest against the method in question. But then our body recognizes no sort of corporate, not to say synodal, action; and its members are, moreover, somewhat jealous of anything that looks like dictation. For this reason, judicious friends, with whom I have conferred on the subject, have advised rather the adoption of an individual appeal to the good sense and religious feeling of our lay members, through your pages. Hence this letter.

Who am I, indeed, to make myself the mouth-piece of this appeal? is an obvious question, though an unimportant one, and only interesting as matter

of curiosity. My appeal is virtually the expression of the feelings of many of our most venerable and most respected ministers. My own name signifies nothing. It would only seem to make personal what is not so. I may, however, add, that I am personally disinterested and unconcerned, to all appearance, in any such movements as those on which I comment,—a minister of full twenty years' standing in the Unitarian body, and pretty well acquainted with the glorious excellences and not small defects of its constitution and working,—like most of my brethren, compelled to earn more than half my livelihood by extra-professional work; but, thank God! always thus far prosperous therein, and proud to feel myself "not burdensome" to those to whom I do service while taking wages for other work besides theirs. So my name does not signify; my *case* concerns my brethren and our congregations very nearly.

The practice on which I comment seems, till lately, to have been confined to the smallest and obscurest of our congregations, and was vindicated in their instance as a forlorn hope. "Beautiful scenery"—"healthy situation"—"sea-air on the south coast of England"—"genteel neighbourhood"—"regret that the salary is only £50"—"unmarried minister or gentleman of independent income might find it an agreeable position,"—these, and such stereotyped phrases of the older advertisements, called forth the sigh or the smile for minister and people destined to be united on such conditions; but hardly moved our grave disapprobation towards the unfortunate and almost despairing advertisers.

But this advertising plan, when adopted by larger and more influential congregations, cannot rest on the plea of necessity, and seems to be a great mistake as regards all parties concerned.

Though the older notion of a divine "call" to a change of ministry is deservedly obsolete, surely there is no need to rush into the opposite extreme of coarsest secularity, and neglect the evident proprieties and delicacies of the ministerial relationship itself. Not even in politics have we fallen so low as to advertise for candidates for parliamentary or municipal honours! In congregational affairs, this method plainly tends to bring ministers into a position unfavourable to their character and independence, and to unsettle more congregations than it can possibly be the means of satisfactorily supplying. I regard as in every way the preferable mode of acting in such a delicate but important matter, the older, and I trust still the general usage, by which our congregations, after due inquiry and consideration, united in an application to some minister whose character and attainments, as well as whose circumstances, pointed him out as likely to accept, and calculated satisfactorily to fill, the vacant office. By the mode the adoption of which I so much regret to observe, ministers of religion are invited to become themselves the applicants on their own estimate of their fitness, and congregations lay themselves open to indiscriminate applications, the majority of which can end in nothing but disappointment, which it must be painful to them to inflict and humiliating to the applicant to sustain,—while the fact of his application, on becoming known, must tend to loosen those bonds of attachment in which each minister so applying may have been living with his congregation and his congregation with him.

These incidental effects probably do not enter the thoughts of the business-like committee-men who advertise the vacancy as, perhaps, the least troublesome mode of procedure, and direct "that applications be made as under." But reflection will, I believe, at once shew them that such must be the case. And if so, I am confident the evil complained of has only to be stated in order to be avoided in future. It has been an error of thoughtlessness.

May I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will (if your views correspond in the main with mine) second my remarks with your personal aid in the pages of the Christian Reformer.

I am well aware that it is the painful conviction of some to whose judgment I pay great deference, that the evil which I have alluded to is but a

symptom of a wider and deeper evil existing among us, in a general religious apathy and hard secularization of our churches and ministry. It may be so, though I hope not; yet it is sometimes the part of the skilful physician to address his remedies pointedly to one ugly and threatening symptom, while also watching over the central disease. And in all *moral* diseases, where the cure must come through consciousness and self-correction, the voluntary suppression of the symptom is the beginning of cure. So I do not think it useless to remonstrate on this comparatively new evil, because there may be others springing from the same root.

What, then, is the root of the evil? Is it, can it be, the increase of popular ascendancy in our congregational affairs, and the undiscriminating application of the competitive principle of business? I am very unwilling, as a thoroughgoing advocate of popular rights, in Church and State and Municipality, in Literary, Scientific or Religious Associations, to distrust the efficacy of self-government. Religious-hearted men will, of course, carry with them into the republic of their *voluntary* church their own habitual feelings of religious reverence and gentleness; and while, as good men of business, they involuntarily apply the habits of the counting-house to the details of chapel-cleaning, lighting, repairs and finance generally, they are not the men to confound the raising of pew-rents with the *take* of custom in a shop, or the engagement of a minister with the hiring of a clerk or a shopman. The problem is not, with them, how to get an outwardly prescribed and defined work done cheapest, but how to obtain the most efficient man for a very indefinite work, and how to give him their most effective co-operation in it.

The Voluntary or Dissenting system is unquestionably liable to abuses of a very gross kind, such as have been experienced in real cases and magnified in satirical works of fiction. And certainly, if ever the active administrative of a religious society happens to be composed of men of *mere* business habits and modes of thought, it is very possible that the choice and maintenance of a minister may come to depend upon the display of such talents as are thought likely to "draw," or upon the contract mode of asking who will undertake to do the work cheapest.

When we see the same kind of abuse of the popular principle occasionally taking place in the purely secular affairs of Town Councils and Poor-law Boards, where rudenesses and harshnesses have been committed towards public servants, such as seldom prevailed amid all the *gentlemanly* abuses of the old self-elected and irresponsible Corporations, we regret that such an occasion of reproach should be afforded against principles inherently sound, and we can only trust to the continued exercise and proper cultivation of the popular principle for the correction of its own mistakes. Yet more must we grieve at any rough and rude applications of the popular principle to the affairs of our Churches; and in the same manner we must trust to the development of a healthy religious feeling in connection with the popular principle for their correction. We need not feel tempted to forswear our Dissenting principles, in disgust at these vulgarities, nor become enamoured of the evils

"alia, haud fortasse minora,"

of an Established Church,—whose benefices, by the bye, are advertised for sale in the most business-like way possible.

For my own part, in spite of all the evils of our free constitution and practice (which fall exclusively on our ministry, and can only be rectified by an increase of religious zeal and devotedness in our congregations;—unlike the case of the Established Church, in which the only evils experienced by the clergy are those of trammels hierarchially imposed, from which the bulk of the English laity would gladly help to relieve them), I believe there is not a freer, nobler, higher or more promising work now doing or to be done in the world, than that of a well-seconded

May 21, 1851. UNITARIAN MINISTER.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Companions of my Solitude. 12mo. Pp. 275. London—Pickering. 1851.

This volume of Essays, as pleasant to the eye as to the mind, is one of the series of publications by the author of "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," which have attained so large a share of popular favour. It has most of the characteristics of his former works—a neat and simple style, as free from Johnsonian grandiloquence as from the affected *brusquerie* and abominable *slang* of Mr. Carlyle,—sustained good sense, without aiming at profundity,—a happy application of natural objects to moral uses,—and a spirit both catholic and philanthropic. As compared with his first work, these Essays are less compact, more simple in their dress. They remind us of the table-talk of a kind-hearted and thoughtful man, who goes into society, not to pass an hour or two which otherwise would be consumed by *ennui*, but to pour forth and to receive in exchange the stores of an active and healthful mind.

In the "Friends in Council," Mr. Helps developed with sufficient success to justify the attempt, something of dramatic talent, the few characters brought before us being sharply defined, and their style of thought and talk in each case appropriate. We have in this volume glimpses of two of the Friends in Council—Ellesmere, the sarcastic man of law and the acute logician, and Dunsford, the kind and good clergyman. But the conversational portions of the work before us are not equal to the author's former attempts. We have also an attempt at narrative fiction; but we hope our author will not waste his strength again in efforts of this kind, for it is clear that he is deficient in invention. In the narrative put into the mouth of Ellesmere, we have (perhaps unknown to the author) a not very clever hashing up of one of the most striking portions of Mr. Thackeray's Pendennis—only Ellesmere for the nonce assumes the character of Warrington instead of Arthur Pendennis. Let Mr. Helps confine himself to the composition of Essays; let him not be too hasty in publishing them, not impatient of the *labor limæ*, and there is no rashness in foretelling that his gentle wisdom and beautiful simplicity will give him a permanent place among the prose writers of England.

The "Companions of my Solitude" are of course the author's thoughts on favourite subjects. They are exhibited in thirteen chapters. The enumeration of the topics professedly handled would give our readers not acquainted with the book little idea of its contents, the Essays being discursive meditations, often interrupted by the introduction of domestic incidents and rural sights and sounds. We will therefore select here and there a passage or two, giving those which can with the least violence be detached from their context. Now and then our author approaches ecclesiastical topics, and it is instructive to behold the workings of the mind of an impartial observer of the controversies of the day, who, though a member of the National Church, is neither indifferent nor a bigot. He distinctly records his conviction (p. 20) that no man can in the present generation successfully teach even in small things, who has not clear views or distinct convictions upon some of the greatest, and instances "religious questions." He alludes to the repugnance of even intellectual men to embark on the wide and troubled sea of Theology (which we presume he means at p. 20, when he uses the more limited phrase "*Biblical Criticism*"), but admits that all discourse built upon inferior motives must be poor, timid and tentative. We could wish that he had enlarged upon and explained what follows:

"Ah, if we could but discern what is the right way and the highest way! These doubts which beset men upon many of the greatest matters, are the direct result of the lies and falsifications of our predecessors. Sometimes, when we look at the frightful errors which metaphorical expressions may have introduced,

I do not wonder that Plato spoke in the hardest manner of poets. But man cannot narrate without metaphor, so much more does he see in every transaction than the bare circumstances."—P. 21.

Presently he proceeds to speak of what a Church should be.

"Church questions seem to require a vast investigation. As it is, a book or pamphlet is put forward on one side, then another on the other side, and somehow the opposing facts and arguments seldom come into each other's presence. And thus truth sustains great loss. My own opinion is, if I can venture to say that I have an opinion, that what we ought to seek for is a church of the utmost width of doctrine, and with the most beautiful expression that can be devised for that doctrine—the most beautiful expression, I mean, in words, in deeds, in sculpture and in sacred song; which should have a simple, easy grandeur in its proceedings that should please the elevated and poetical mind, charm the poor, and yet not lie open to just cavilling on the part of those somewhat hard, intellectual worshipers who must have a reason for every thing; which should have vitality and growth in it; and which should attract and not repel those who love truth better than any creature."—Pp. 23, 24.

This is the view our author takes of the Church of England:

"It has long appeared to me, that our Church stands upon foundations which need more breadth and solidity, both as regards the hold it ought to have on the reason and on the affection of its members. As to the hold upon the reason: suppose we were taught to study scientifically, up to a certain point, something that admitted all the lights of study; and were then called upon to take the rest for granted, not being allowed to use to the uttermost the lights of history and criticism which had been admitted at first; how very inconclusive the so-called conclusions would appear to us! It would be like placing a young forest tree in a hot-house and saying, Grow so far, if you like; expand to the uttermost in this space allowed to you; but there is no more room after you have attained these limits; thenceforward grow inwards, or downwards, or wither away. Our Church is too impersonal, if I may use that expression; it belongs too much to books, set creeds and articles, and not enough to living men; it does not admit easily of those modifications which life requires, and which guard life by adapting it to what it has to bear."—Pp. 233, 234.

In another part of his volume he speaks of the practical errors of the clergy, which he considers to be "clerical niceness and over-sanctity," "making more and longer sermons than there is any occasion for," "insisting upon needless points of doctrine," "and making Christianity a stumbling-block to many."

There can be no doubt that the direction of thought pursued by Mr. Helps is that towards which a large part of the best intelligence of the country is tending, and there can be as little doubt that it is that from which the English clergy fly with abhorrence. When the laity of an Establishment are asking for more freedom, for more of the spirit and less of the letter of Christianity, and when its clergy are straitening and narrowing its pale, and dwelling, as one party does, on the trumpery questions of altars and candlesticks and clerical robes, and, as the other does, on doctrines which perplex the understanding and do violence to the heart, there is no denying the assertion, so often made by clergymen, that *the Church is in danger*. The danger, however, is not from without, but they of its own household are its foes.

But to find room for the passages we have marked for quotation, we must abstain from all note and comment.

Penalty of thorough Thinking.

"How intense is the loneliness for the most part of any man who endeavours to think—like the Nile wandering on through a desert country, with no tributary streams to cheer and aid it, and to be lost in sympathy with its main current. In politics, for example, such a man will have too affectionate a regard for the people to be a democrat; he would as soon leave his own children without guidance; and, on the other hand, he will have too great a regard for merit and fitness to be an aristocrat. He will find no one plank to walk up and down consistently; and will be always looking beyond measures which satisfy other

men; and seeing perhaps that as regards politics themselves, greater things are to be done out of them than in them."—P. 17.

Meditations suggested by a Picture.

"When I was at Milan and saw the glory of that town, the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, I could not help thinking, as my way is, of many things, not perhaps very closely connected with that grand work, but which it suggested to my mind. At first you may be disappointed in finding the figures so much faded, but soon, with patient looking, much comes into view; and after marvelling at the inexpressible beauty which still remains, you find to your astonishment that no picture, no print, perhaps no description, has adequately represented what you can still trace in this work. Not only has it not been represented, but it has been utterly misrepresented. The copyist thought he could tell the story better than the painter, and where the outlines are dim, was not content to leave them so, but must insert something of his own which is clearly wrong. This, I thought, is the way of most translation, and I might add of most portrait-painting and nearly all criticism. And it occurred to me that the written history of the world was very like the prints of this fresco—viz. a clear account, a good deal of it utterly wrong, of what at first hand is considerably obliterated, and which, except in minds of the highest power of imagination, to be a clear conception can hardly be a just one. And then, carrying my application still further to the most important of all histories, I thought how the simple majesty of the original transaction had probably suffered a like misconception, from the fading of the material narrative, and still more from the weak inventions of those who could not represent accurately, and were impatient of any dimness (to their eyes) in the divine original."—Pp. 21, 22.

The Statesman.

"*Ellesmere.* What is your pet temperament for a statesman?

Milverton. That is a large question: one thing I should be inclined to say, with respect to his habit of mind—he should doubt to the last, and then act like a man who has never doubted.

Ellesmere. Cleverly put, but untrue, after the fashion of you maxim-mongers. He should not act like a man who has never doubted, but like a man who was in the habit of doubting till he had received sufficient information. He should not convey to you the idea of a man who was given to doubt, or not to doubt, but of one who could wait till he had inquired.

Milverton. Your criticism is just. Well, then, another thing which occurs to me respecting his habits of mind is, that he should be one of those people who are not given to any system, and yet who have an exceeding love of improvement and disposition to regulate.

Ellesmere. That is good. I distrust systems. I find that men talk of principles, and mean, when you come to inquire, rules connected with certain systems.

Milverton. This enables me to bring my notions of government interference to a point. It should be a principle in a statesman's mind that he should not interfere so as to deaden private action: at the same time he should be profoundly anxious that right and good should be done, and consequently not fear to undertake responsibility. He should not be entrapped, mentally, into any system of policy which held him to interfere here, or not to interfere there; but he should be inclined to look at each case on its own merits. This is very hard work. Systems save trouble—the trouble of thinking."—Pp. 72, 73.

Not knowing when to leave off.

"There is a whole class of things which, though good in themselves, are often entirely spoilt by being carried out too far and inopportunely. Such are punctiliousness, neatness, order, labour of finish, and even accuracy. The man who does not know how to leave off, will make accuracy frivolous and vexatious. And so with all the rest of these good things, people often persevere with them so inaptly and so inopportunely as to contravene all their real merits. Such people put me in mind of plants which, belonging to one country and having been brought to another, persist in flowering in those months in which they or their ancestors were used to flower in the old country."—P. 259.

INTELLIGENCE.

Persecution and its Results, in the Case of the Rev. T. Gilbert, late of Ditchling, now on his way to New Plymouth.

In recording this interesting case, we shall cite his own simple narrative in a circular which, at the persuasion of the Rev. J. P. Malleson, of Brighton, he addressed to some of his friends and to the *Inquirer* newspaper. We are enabled to add a few illustrative details.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INQUIRER.

Hurstpierpoint, March, 1851.

SIR,—Having determined to proceed as a settler to New Plymouth, New Zealand—where there are several Unitarian families, and where I hope to be able to establish myself in a sphere of usefulness, and provide for myself, wife and seven children, the eldest of whom is 12½ years—I am induced, by the advice of the Rev. J. P. Malleson and several kind-hearted friends, to make an appeal through the *Inquirer*, as well as by private application, to the benevolent among the Unitarian body.

Educated among the Calvinists (my grandfather being for sixty years a preacher among the Independents at Heathfield, Sussex), it was a matter of severe disappointment to my relatives that I should become a Unitarian; and I have since been in very many difficulties, deprived of their sympathy and support.

At Northiam, in Sussex, I was a minister for nine years, where, with a very small salary, I maintained an honourable position by keeping a school, until driven out of the parish by the determined opposition of the clergyman, who, in explanation of his (I hope unusual) conduct towards me, wrote me a note, in which the following passage occurs: "I assure you that I do not and cannot entertain the slightest feeling of opposition to you as a man; but, as a Unitarian, and one whom they have chosen to be their minister,—and therefore to do, in my opinion, what will ruin the immortal souls of the people over whom, as a shepherd, I am appointed to watch,—I hold that I should be in the highest degree criminal in the sight of Christ, my Master, not to exert every faculty in neutralizing or destroying the power you may possess against them for harm."

Unfortunately, this was no mere threat. Without going into particulars, I was compelled, by the ruin of my school, to seek another congregation and home.

I removed to Ditchling, Sussex, in 1841. In 1846, I succeeded in establishing a school at Hurstpierpoint, three miles from my chapel, and was enabled to support my family respectably for three years, until a similar opposition on the part of the parish clergyman was again exercised against me. This gentleman endeavoured in every way to bring my school into discredit on account of my religious opinions, and actually brought into the village and paid a person £52 per annum to attempt to destroy, as he acknowledged, the baneful effects of my Unitarian poison on the minds of his parishioners.

This, however, did not succeed. But the establishment of a Puseyite school for the middle class, numbering nearly 200 boys, has effectually ruined my school, and left me but £52 a-year (my congregational income) to maintain my family. In these circumstances of repeated opposition and a life of antagonism—hateful beyond expression to me—and with a large family, I have determined to emigrate.

I am thankful to say I have sufficient property to pay every claim against me, and to meet the expenses of the transit to New Zealand. But I am informed by those who know the colony of New Plymouth, and the difficulties of emigration generally, that I ought, on my landing, to have a sum at my command not less than £250, to save my family from very severe hardship, and give myself a reasonable chance of ultimate and permanent success.

My present congregation, I am proud to say, have proved themselves devotedly attached to me; but belonging, as nearly all of them do, to the trading and agricultural interest, and suffering from the pressure of the times, it is but little they can raise for me as a memorial of respect; yet that little has been freely, and without solicitation, given. The Rev. J. P. Malleson and the Brighton congregation, who have known me long, have largely and generously assisted me. Friends at Lewes, Tenterden, Horsham and Northiam, have also engaged to aid me. Befriended thus by those to whom I am known, I am inclined to hope that, if my character and circumstances were more widely known to the generous and good in our religious body, they would freely bestow of this world's goods according to their means, to enable me once more to establish myself in usefulness and comfort.

References may be made to Rev. J. P. Malleson (Brighton), Dr. Hutton, Dr. Rees (London), Rev. E. Talbot (Tenter-

den), and Dr. Sadler (Hampstead), all of whom have known me for several years, and who have very kindly consented to receive subscriptions on my behalf. I need not say how truly, how sincerely thankful I shall feel for any amount of subscription, in order to enable me to carry out the object I have in view.

As the ship I intend to go in will sail early in April, an immediate attention to this is most earnestly and respectfully requested.

I am, Sir, most respectfully yours,

THOMAS GILBERT.

Shortly after Mr. Gilbert's settlement at Northiam, he was applied to by several tradesmen and other respectable inhabitants of the place, not being members of his congregation, who complained that in consequence of the endowed public school having been for many years in abeyance, there was no means of education for their children, and urged him to open a school. This he did, and the number of the scholars presenting themselves rendered it indispensable to erect a suitable schoolroom for their reception. Considerable progress had been made in the erection of this building, when a change of Rectors of Northiam occurred. The new Rector immediately set about opposing the Unitarian schoolmaster. This he did in two ways. First, having announced his intention of making considerable repairs and alterations at the Rectory, he informed the workmen that any man who worked for Mr. Gilbert in the building of his school should receive no employment at the Rectory. As the number of labourers in a moderately-sized village is necessarily very limited, this succeeded in putting an entire stop to Mr. G.'s building. Secondly, he sent for a clerk in a merchant's counting-house in London to become the master of the long shut-up endowed school of the place, making a small addition to the emoluments on the express condition that the master should teach for half the terms of Mr. Gilbert's school. This completed the ruin of the latter. Repeated remonstrances, from parishioners attending the church, on the injustice of his treatment of Mr. Gilbert, at length led the Rector to think it necessary to make a formal statement of the reasons of his conduct, in a letter to the object of this persecution, announcing its intended continuance so long as he should maintain the character of a teacher of youth in that village, in which letter occurs the passage cited above. The Rector's zeal for public education, even under strict clerical control, appears to have died away as soon as its avowed object in expelling the Unitarian minister had succeeded; for a still less efficient master has since been introduced into the endowed school, and we are informed that at the present time the bell tolls, the desks and forms are set out, as required by the trust-deed, but it is very seldom, in consequence of the notorious unfitness of the instructor, that a single pupil makes his appearance. The usual course of things, our informants state, is, that within half an hour of the bell ringing, the master may be seen working in his own garden, or perhaps less usefully employed. Nor is the history of religious persecution in Northiam ended. "The squire," as he is always called, has made a costly and tasteful addition to the parish structure, in imitation of those monumental chapels dedicated to the worship of particular saints, and often, like this, the fruit of private devotion and munificence, which add so much to the charm of the continental cathedrals. The Rector belongs to a class of the clergy who regard not only "squires," but Privy Councils, Queens and all earthly authorities, as their inferiors, having no merit but as *doing their behests*. Yet when they do them, let all heretics tremble for the result of their union! We are referring to facts, not calling in question the conscientiousness of the actors in them. It cannot be supposed that the Rector, who thought he should be "criminal in the sight of Christ not to exert every faculty" in promoting the expulsion of the Unitarian instructor of youth, as a wolf from the fold "over which as a shepherd he was appointed to watch," would fail, among other "faculties," to employ his influence over the mind of the squire. No special admonitions for individual cases would probably be needed. The squire, at Christmas last, gave the children of the National School a dinner in their school-room, and the children of the Wesleyan Sunday-school a dinner in their chapel, inviting the children of the Unitarian Sunday-school, which is but small, to join them. But just before the day arrived he wrote to interdict them from coming to the feast, alleging that his doing so "might be construed by some" as sanctioning what he considered to be "horrible doctrines." In this we think the squire did not shew the good taste

evinced in the admirable structure we have referred to. It is true he expressed his concern at the disappointment of their Christmas dinner which his second thoughts would occasion the children. The dog from whose mouth a bone is withdrawn looks to the act, not the manner, and so do we. So would the parish, had he only *begun* his elegant little chapel, and left it an unsightly ruin, or had he finished it in coarse, *abrupt* and ill-proportioned style. The lambs thus driven from the pasture ere a blade of its sweet herbage could be cropped, and their shepherd, who felt keenly for them, bore their disappointment in silence. But when the feast was over, the latter, in behalf of those who had been "sent empty away," applied in gentle terms to know what were the doctrines taught in the school which had called for the term "horrible" to be applied to them. The squire requested a call from the writer, the Unitarian minister of the place, "when," he observes, "a rather lengthened conversation took place between us on doctrinal subjects," whether with any favourable result remains to be seen.

Our readers may be curious to know what "educational returns" were made by the Rector and schoolmaster of a parish which Mr. Gilbert was not allowed to take any share in enlightening. We understand they will read in the new Census returns--"Northiam, Kent, Population 1306. Rector refuses to make a return of the state of education. The master of the endowed school returns number of scholars, *None.*"

Another informant, who was a zealous member of the Church of England, residing in the neighbourhood at the period of Mr. Gilbert's ministry, bears testimony in the very strongest terms to the inoffensiveness and Christian prudence of Mr. G.'s conduct. There was not even the faintest ground of suspicion of proselytism in his treatment of his Church pupils, amongst whom were some relatives of our informant, and his character for zeal and success in advancing the progress of the children committed to his charge, and of probity in his dealings with their parents and with all men, was of the highest kind. Yet when, driven from a village in Kent, this honest man endeavours to get a livelihood by improving the condition of the rising generation in a village in Sussex, like the apostle for whose reception the Jews were prepared in "every city," another Rector starts up to pursue the cruel course, and almost to repeat the words, of his Rev. brother in persecution. For the writer of this remembers, from time to time, hearing that the Rector had said, "Of *course* I can have no objection to Mr. G. as a man, only I say he ought not to be allowed to be a teacher of youth," &c. *It is gratifying*, in every view, to be able to add, that when Mr. Gilbert had left, on his way to the other side of the globe, both Rectors, when applied to by a friend of his, signed certificates to his moral conduct during his residence in their parishes; and it *rejoices our hearts* to learn that more than £800 have been raised by the sympathy of Unitarian friends to enable Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, their five sons and two daughters, to seek with advantage a new field of industry across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. A multitude of reflections press upon our minds, but we content ourselves with leaving one or two queries for our readers to answer in their own thoughts.

1. In our moral estimate of actions, how far is conscientiousness to be admitted as a full and valid excuse for, not mere exclusiveness, but a haughty, insulting, cruel intolerance, leading to acts of what all but itself calls the most hateful persecution? Is the conscientiousness, the self-delusion, an exculpation, as some would have it, or only an alleviation?

2. Is not the Church of England chargeable with having reduced our village districts to a state of such awful vassalage? If genuine, *conscientious* Church-of-England-men had their way, what *crumb* of the children's bread, what rag of the banner of liberty, would be left? When it is said, Why don't you Unitarians turn out and fight for the Church of England against the Pope, who, if you do not, will soon be here and swallow you all up together? —may we not reply, 'Tis true there is a huge Boa Constrictor at Rome, but he is afar off; and what if, when he came to swallow us up, he should find us,—as would, we are afraid, be the case, were we to pursue the course you recommend,—already safely lodged in the belly of the animal of more moderate appetite and less active gastric juice? G. K.

Southern Unitarian Fund Society.

The annual meeting of the Southern Unitarian Fund Society took place at the High-Street chapel, Portsmouth,

on Good Friday. The Rev. J. Fullagar conducted the devotional service, and the Rev. Hugh Hutton, of Birmingham, preached an eloquent and appropriate discourse from John v. 30, "on the Scriptural representation of the living Jesus an illustration of the truth of the Unitarian doctrine." At the business meeting of the Society, the Rev. H. Hawkes was called to the chair, and the Rev. E. Kell read the general report, which contained reports from the various congregations in the district, and an account of the operations of the Society during the last year. Its principal efforts had been directed to Southampton, where, during the delivery of a course of lectures lately by the Rev. J. M'Dowell, the audiences had been large, and the report suggested the erection of a chapel as necessary for the permanent establishment of the congregation, towards which a gentleman in the neighbourhood had offered £100 upon certain conditions. The following is an extract from this part of the report:

"The question here arises, Have we sufficient zeal and energy in this neighbourhood, or in the Unitarian body at large, to carry out this desirable object? We trust and believe that we have; but we shall hope to receive the fullest counsel we can obtain as to the best means of effecting it. We cannot, indeed, account for the lukewarmness, the *religious* apathy, which is one great evil it behoves us to overcome. We have said *religious* apathy, for on every other subject, though its value be as dross in the comparison, there is no lack of life and zeal and energy. It may be that, among other causes for this lukewarmness, we have weakly yielded to injurious reaction on our own minds from witnessing around us some evil tendencies of this 'zeal which is *not* according to knowledge.' But this ought not so to be. It needs but a little clearsightedness to shew us that this evil rests not on *zeal*, but on a faith which we have learned from the word of God to believe is not heaven-born,—is not that true bread which the Saviour gave to be the life of the world. HEAVENLY TRUTH shall be for the healing of the nations. *It* works no ill, no tendency to wrong. Surely, then, we may authoritatively say, *it is* worthy of your highest zeal, and therefore do we ask it. This zeal will manifest itself in many, many ways. Like godly sorrow, what earnest longing to cleanse ourselves from every stain of sin will it effect! Upright before our fellowmen, we shall be a living witness more powerful than words that we breathe his spirit, that we have been taught of Him. This offering of ourselves is the noblest gift which Christianity demands that we should lay upon the shrine of Truth. But we think we have a right to ask you to give far more than hitherto you have been wont to do of this world's wealth in such a service. Your forefathers have raised for you the churches in which you severally worship, and we ask you now to furnish us with funds wherewith to build another church in which the truth of God, your Heavenly Father, may be proclaimed. A hundred pounds has already been promised from a single purse. And shall it not be done? We need not to be told discouragements abound. We know it. Still would we strive ourselves, and ask of you not to be faint-hearted in such a cause. Our holy Master struggled on and triumphed, though Judas had betrayed and Peter had denied him, and few were those his followers who after his spotless life was spent, his blood poured out upon the altar, were left to gather themselves together in that 'upper chamber.'"

The report occasioned a lengthened discussion on the state and prospects of the congregation at Southampton, and the best mode of employing the Society's resources, on which a variety of opinions was expressed. After cordial votes of thanks had been presented to the Rev. Hugh Hutton, and the officers and committee of the past year, a resolution was passed, that in future the Committee should consist of the ministers of the district and two deputies (subscribers) from each congregation, to meet once a quarter at Portsmouth.

A tea meeting was held in the evening in the largest school-room, which was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, the Rev. Hugh Hutton in the chair, and afterwards the assembly, joined by many other friends, adjourned to the chapel, which was well filled.

Bolton District Unitarian Association.

The fiftieth half-yearly meeting of this Association was held at Cockey Moor on Thursday, April 24th. During the quarter of a century since it was established, it has contributed in no small degree to promote social intercourse and the interests of Protestant

Dissent amongst the Unitarian congregations of the district which it embraces. For several years the religious services were held in the forenoon, and the members and friends assembled to dinner. But this plan appearing to exclude a large number who were desirous of attending, especially the ladies and the younger part of the congregations, tea was substituted, with an afternoon service, and the change has been found in every respect favourable to the objects of the Association. The meeting at Cockey Moor shewed the unabated interest of the Unitarians in the district, nearly two hundred persons being assembled. The chapel stands on what was formerly a moor, about midway between Bolton and Bury, and, until recently, on the road which formed the highway between those two towns. A new turnpike-road and the railway have rendered this hamlet less frequented by the passing traveller. The chapel and its contiguous school occupy a conspicuous position on the summit of the moor, near the Episcopalian church.

On the present occasion the religious services were conducted by the Rev. Francis Knowles and the Rev. Edwin Davis, the latter of whom preached from John vi. 35, "I am the bread of life." After insisting on the spiritual nature of Christianity, the preacher pointed out the leading characteristics of the gospel, shewing that it set forth the unity, the omnipresence and the paternity of God; that it came with authority; that it furnished a system of morals and inculcated salutary and comforting promises.

Tea was served in the school-room at the conclusion of the services in the chapel; after which, the chair being filled by the minister of the place, the meeting was addressed on a variety of interesting topics by the preacher and the supporter, and by the Revds. W. Probert, J. Ragland, F. Howorth, F. Baker, and C. J. Darbishire, Esq.

The autumn meeting was announced to take place on October 9th, probably at Hindley, when the services are expected to be conducted by Rev. F. Knowles and Rev. J. Whitehead.

London District Unitarian Society.

The first anniversary meeting of this Society took place on Tuesday, May 20, at the London Tavern. The chair was taken by Mr. Alderman Lawrence, the President, at seven o'clock. About 400 persons were present, among whom were most of the London ministers and many of the leading members of the Unitarian body.

The report presented by the Committee was of a most gratifying nature; it detailed at length the proceedings of the Society during the past year; but as it will be printed, it is necessary only to refer generally to its contents. The objects contemplated by the Society were chiefly to extend the knowledge of the principles of Unitarianism in the Metropolis, and to create a more intimate union among the members of that body than has hitherto existed. The means adopted were, first, arranging for the delivery of lectures on week-day evenings explanatory of Unitarianism. The Committee reported that they had been enabled to arrange five courses of six lectures each. They had been delivered in various localities, and had attracted great attention. The audiences had been large, and the impression made upon them striking. At Southwark, where the first course was delivered, six lectures on the other side of the question were given, which led on the part of the Society to as many replies. It was hoped that the Trinitarian lectures would have been published, but the application made for that purpose was refused.

The second means adopted by this Society was the holding quarterly social meetings for the discussion of some topic of general interest. Three such meetings have been held, the attendance averaging about 200.

A third means has been the distribution of tracts. The attendance at the lectures offered for this purpose a most favourable opportunity. More than 8000 tracts have been distributed, half of which they owe to the liberality of the Committee of the Unitarian Association.

We were gratified in observing the cordial co-operation existing between this Society and the Unitarian Association. The fears expressed twelve months ago of a clashing of interests have entirely subsided; both are fellow-labourers in the same field, and each affords to the other mutual assistance. A joint meeting of the two Societies is advertised to take place in London on the 12th of June.

OBITUARY.

April 29, at his house, Grove Place, Hackney, James Young, Esq., in the 85th year of his age, and the 61st of his residence in that parish.

In early life he embraced, from investigation and conviction, the strictly Unitarian tenets he first heard from Dr. Priestley, which with slight modification were assured to him in the teachings of Mr. Belsham.

From 1805 to the decease of his dearly esteemed pastor in 1845, he was the constant attendant upon the ministry of the Rev. Robert Aspland; and when he could no longer hear him proclaim in noble and generous sentiments the great doctrines of Christianity, the Unity of God, and that Christ was indeed a Teacher sent from God, the Saviour of mankind, he delighted in home meditation, drawn from his published discourses, to invigorate and revivify his Christian hopes.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ, an earnest of our own, was the stronghold of his faith; he felt the hope of immortality as necessary to man, and that there is no adequate ground for that hope save in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The sanctity of death forbids any vaunted reliance on the efficacy of creeds, still the deceased ever sought the avowal of his belief and consolation in Unitarianism, and his fellowship with a sect yet maligned, though happily, now better understood, less spoken against.

Fervent in spirit, he rejoiced also with many valued friends to have been a "labourer in the garden of truth," and that in his day the mooted rights of Protestant Dissenters had been acknowledged, their wrongs admitted, and in some degree redressed.

To improve the moral and religious character, and ameliorate the condition of the poor,—to inspire them with the desire of better things—the result of sobriety, cleanliness and frugality—was his most valued purpose. He had no sympathy for missionary zeal in the propagation of the gospel in foreign lands, when thousands were sunk in barbarism around our very homes. If thought on the wretched condition of the poor and the temptations to which their offspring seemed almost inevitably exposed, ruffled his mind and sometimes caused him to exclaim, "If God be good, whence cometh evil?" he would at once condone the thought with, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Self-denying in his own habits, with liberal hand he acquitted the most remote claim on his sympathy, and in thanks (the exchequer of the poor) was amply encouraged to continued kindness. The infirmity of protracted age, which far exceeded "threescore years and ten," had prevented for some time any frequent attendance at the chapel now under the charge of the Rev. John Boucher; but early prayerful habits had brought him to unrestrained communion with his Maker, and when he could no longer bend his knees in prayer, he remembered God on his bed and thought upon Him when waking; with the Psalmist would say, When I am afraid, I commune with my own heart, and I search out my spirits; and in hours of broken rest delighted to repeat snatches of hymns familiar to his youth. His final illness was of short duration, scarcely a week; an attack of fever soon exhausted his little strength. Till this attack he was mindful of every domestic and social obligation, and happily it could not be said that he was dead to the pleasure of life, and alive only to its pains. His latest words were those of affectionate counsel, and he declared that he died in peace with all men. He outlived his most distant kindred, but was happy in the grateful estimation of his family and the affectionate solicitude of nieces to whom he had ever shewn a paternal regard, and who drew their early hold on his love as the children of his excellent friend Mr. Pomeroy, whose memory he ever ardently cherished, and in remembered friendship benefitted them. It is a wholesome and grateful custom to commemorate the dead, and it is deemed a wrong to the departed to let them pass unnoticed from scenes in which they have acted a useful and consistent part, or this humble tribute from one who knew him best and loved him most would not have been offered to his memory.

He desired to have recorded on his tomb in the burial-ground attached to the Gravel-Pit chapel, where he rests beside his wife, who died in 1837, and to whom he was united fifty years, that he had been a member of the society worshiping at that chapel for sixty years, and, as in harmony with precepts

there imbibed, to be added, that he claimed no higher meed than to have been the Friend of the Poor.

May 9, at St. Ives, Hunts, T. E. Fisher, Esq. The many excellent qualities which marked the character of the departed had gained for him the warmest esteem of a large portion of his fellow-townsmen. His religious principles were in the strictest sense of the word liberal; and the undisguised frankness of his nature, combined with sterling excellence of character, enabled him to speak of his views as an Unitarian Christian without calling forth from his friends and neighbours any expression of opposition or distrust. So disposed was he to believe them like himself to be earnest and sincere, that his house was ever open for their reception, and his hospitality participated in by many by whom during life he was beloved, and in his death lamented.

The tone of his mind was deeply religious, and his views were of that practical kind which shewed how a faith, derived from the Holy Scriptures and not burdened with inexplicable mysteries in reference to the Fatherly character of God, can cheer us in life and sustain us at the approach of death. To the free, unpurchased mercy of God he looked for the precious gift of an immortal existence; and as the hour of dissolution approached, with a firmness that shewed how strong was his trust in the goodness of his Creator, he bowed submissively, declaring to his son, who never left him during the sad, painful struggle which terminated his mortal life, how thankful he was that his views as an Unitarian Christian enabled him to bear it with patience, fortitude and resignation.

It was the privilege of the writer of this brief tribute to his memory to receive, three days before his death, from his son the following testimony to his father's state of mind: "He is exceedingly happy, in the full possession of his faculties, and in the firm belief of Unitarianism as the most truthful exposition of the Sacred Scriptures; he says he wishes it to be known that he has through life derived the greatest satisfaction from its profession, and that in death it gives him the greatest consolation."

His threescore years and ten have brought him to his grave full of good works, and "filled with benevolence towards all." May his sorrowing family find their consolation in the thought, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them!"

M. R.

May 15, at Bristol, aged 75, Miss Sarah Vranken, an old and respected member of the Lewin's-Mead congregation.

May 17, at Maidstone, after a few days' illness, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Thomas Cooper, Esq.

After a long and lingering illness, Mr. William Balls, of Framlingham, Suffolk, aged 47. Under the most trying circumstances he was never known to murmur or repine, but with filial trust he cast his cares on Him who careth for us, thankful for those spiritual blessings he has communicated to the world through our Lord Jesus Christ. He was a confirmed and steadfast Unitarian Christian, a conscientious believer in the undivided unity and parental character of God the Father. This was the source of his comfort,—that God is love, that he loveth all without exception, that his mercies are infinite and are over all his works. It was a truly beautiful sight to behold this pious Unitarian, upraising his hands in prayer to God, still trusting in his mercy, when lying on the bed of languishing, and scarcely able to articulate. He was one of the brightest illustrations of the glorious power of the principles of our holy faith to support the soul through the dreary period of prolonged sickness and to sustain the spirit in the dying hour. What faith can be more comforting and satisfactory than that which teaches us that God is love, that He wills to bless, that He is waiting to be gracious?

Patient to the last, faithful even to death, this worthy man, respected by all who knew him, fell asleep in Jesus, and was interred in the ground attached to the Unitarian chapel at Framlingham on Sunday, the 18th of May, and a funeral sermon was delivered on the same day to a large and attentive audience by the minister of the congregation.

M. C. G.

Lately, at Westerham, Kent, Mrs. Saxby, aged 64 years, after a lingering and painful illness. She was for many years a member of the congregation assembling in the Old meeting, Bessels Green.